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THE
CORRESPONDENT,

A
SELECTION OF LETTERS,

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME ORIGINALS,

ADAPTED TO ALL THE PERIODS AND OCCASIONS OF LIFE;

CALCULATED TO

FORM THE EPISTOLARY STYLE OF YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES;

TO IMPART A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD AND LETTERS;

AND

TO INSPIRE SENTIMENTS OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

HOR.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONGST the literary projects of the late Dr. Johnson, which death prevented his executing, and which are enumerated by his biographer, Mr. Boswell, two are mentioned under the following titles: "A Book of Letters on all Kinds of Subjects;" and, "A Collection of Letters from English Authors, with a Preface, giving some Account of the Writers, with Reasons for the Selection, and Criticism on their Styles, and Remarks on each Letter if necessary."

Had the life of the great English moralist been spared till he had perfected these works, there is no doubt but they would jointly have formed the completest model of epistolary perfection which any language can boast. His extensive acquaintance with "each scene of many-changing life," his facility of composition, and felicity of invention, on the one hand; and the vast fund of his literary acquirements, and the ease and readiness with which he applied those stores to immediate use in every exigency, on the other; must have furnished, in these two books, every thing that could be wanting to form the style

and extend the knowledge of his readers: those instructions he was so able, and, in general, so ready to communicate, would have completed the system, and ages might have elapsed before another work of the kind was called for.

The authority of so great a name, is sufficient to establish the fact of a publication of this kind being necessary, and useful; and that truly great man's intending so late in life to employ his talents in the production, demonstrates that he thought it of consequence to the rising generation that it should be executed with the greatest ability and judgment, and that, from its perfection, he was to expect an accession to his well-earned fame. The first-mentioned composition must necessarily have been incomplete without the last; for though it is impossible to read any writing of his without feeling the greatest admiration of, and respect for, the fecundity of his imagination, and solidity of his eloquence, there is yet in his style, as in that of almost every eminent author, a peculiarity which is ill adapted to a book the object of which is to teach by specimens.

In the writing of letters, where the chief aim ought to be to follow nature in her most genuine simplicity, and to discard every thing which may be construed into affectation, nothing can be more dangerous to the reputation of the writer than a style servilely copied from any particular individual, however animated, eloquent, or graceful. How many periods of ponderous inanity are committed to paper from

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from an absurd endeavour to imitate Johnson!—How many childish observations, and ridiculously affected half-sentences, flow from the copyists of Sterne! In fact, when nature and the real impulse of the occasion are buried in an effort to resemble some favourite individual, nothing but an awkward, unpleasing, and soporific manner can be acquired; and those who spend their time and efforts in attaining such an imitative manner, will most frequently find contempt and disgust, instead of admiration, for their reward.

If such are the effects to be dreaded from an imitation of the best originals, how much more have all persons interested in the education of youth to apprehend from their perusing those compilations daily vended under the name of *Letter Writers*, where a barren fancy and uninformed judgment present only such models as would serve to instruct by the exposure of absurdity, and, in the hands of an able tutor, afford a selection of the modes of composition which ought to be avoided. I do not wish to exalt this work at the expence of the reputation of others of the kind, but had only one of the many books on the subject of letter-writing already published contained a system approaching to correctness, or a series of examples worthy a more respectable place than the kitchen, it might, by care, have been so improved, as to have rendered a new one superfluous; but what hope is there of any person's learning to write even a tolerable letter from the perusal of books deficient in grammar and common sense, and abound-

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ing in vulgarities of the coarsest and most disgusting description*.

Had the selection of the Reverend Dr. Knox, called, "Elegant Epistles," been made with a view to instruction, in the elementary branches of composition, there is every reason to hope, from his profound erudition and correct judgment, that it would have contained every thing necessary to the perfecting of youth in that useful and elegant accomplishment: it is indeed a rich mass of unwrought ore, collected with great labour and care, but of more beauty than utility, from the neglect of arrangement and application of it to the various purposes of life. It contains some of the best epistolary productions in being, but they are arranged only in order of time, without reference to their contents; and their beauties are nowhere pointed out, or their faults descanted on. I had, previous to my perusal of that volume, selected

* To prove the truth of this assertion, we take from one of these compilations, reckoned the best, and enjoying the most extensive sale, the following sentences, contained in letters supposed to be written by *young ladies*! "*Alas, the transition! from yesterday, Henrietta-street, Mrs. L. and Mrs. —, to a nasty inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp sheets, and perhaps the itch before the morning.*"—"The weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted chestnut. Mrs. D. and Mrs. B. were under the same operation of the dog-star, with a little difference only to their complexions; one of them looking like a rose, and the other the express image of a rasher of bacon!"

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many of the epistles contained in it, from the works of their authors, and I felt myself flattered by the coincidence of my judgment with that of the reverend editor; several others first met my notice in that compilation, and far from feeling a sense of shame in the acknowledgment of an obligation, I please myself in informing my reader that I have the authority of a person so deservedly, and generally admired, for the goodness and correctness of a few, at least, of the specimens presented by me.

The aim of the following sheets is to impart such instructions in the art of composing a letter, as without being irksome to, or meeting the contempt of the teacher, may by their plainness, facility, and correctness benefit and improve the pupil, and to illustrate them by such examples, drawn from the best works, as may not only answer the present purpose, that of teaching a good, pure, and elegant style, but by animating curiosity, and the honest love of knowledge, induce the student to extend his researches through the useful pages of history, biography, and philosophy. In a word, my effort has been directed so to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*, that the reader may take up his book, from day to day, with renewed pleasure and advantage, and, after many perusals, regret that he has reached the end.

It has been my constant care, not only to select such models of style as were in themselves unexceptionable, in point of morality, and decency, but to extract them from those authors whose works are

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characterized by those qualities; the graces of eloquence, the temporary assumption of the appearance of virtue, the brilliancy of wit, or the neatness of satire, have never tempted me to risque turning the attention of youth to the perusal of the works of authors, who might on further acquaintance not prove so eligible, as from the first glance the reader might be taught to expect. That author must accuse himself of promoting the growth of vice and immorality, who instils into the minds of the rising generation the slightest predilection for writers whose works are a stain to the press, and the disgrace of literature; and he can hardly consider himself exempt from blame who by an extract, however innocent in itself, invites the curiosity of youth to those dangerous perusals from the effects of which on his mind, no after care can effectually discharge him: I can safely aver, that of all the authors from whose writings or collections the letters contained in the following pages are derived, there is not one whose works are not calculated "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," and that, not only in particular instances, but almost without exception; for though in strictness some few sentences in the letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, and some of the philosophical opinions of Mr. Hume may be erroneous and reprehensible, yet as these writers have not made their appeal to the passions, but to the judgment, their influence is necessarily very contracted, in those matters where they err, but their names are of too much value in the literary

literary world, and the general merits of their works too great, not to justify the insertion of the elegant and moral epistles derived from their pens.

Though I have not in the arrangement devoted any particular chapter or division to the instruction and use of the fair sex exclusively, I have never been inattentive to them in the prosecution of my work, and every specimen I have inserted is calculated for their edification, or applicable to their use, and I acknowledge with pride and gratitude that some of the best, most elegant, and useful letters in this work are the productions of female pens.

Considering order to be the soul of instruction, I have in this work followed that which appeared to me *the order of nature*, and pursued the course of human life from its commencement to its close, adapting moral instruction to every occasion, explaining and illustrating by historical extracts and anecdotes, whatever wanted elucidating, and pointing out by critical and literary remarks the beauties and defects of those compositions which appeared to stand in need of such illustration. I have begun with the age of puerility, when the power of making known a sentiment by writing is first acquired, and following the advance of years, supplied specimens on every occasion the varying face of circumstances presents, till that awful crisis which dissolves all earthly ties, and mingles, in undistinguished confusion, all the hopes, fears, cares and calamities of life. For the greater part of these specimens I am indebted to the respectable

able authors who are mentioned in the course of the work, having made it a rule never to obtrude on the reader a composition of my own, when I could, from the works of a writer of reputation, furnish one adequate to the occasion; this, however earnestly wished, could not always be done, and some letters of my own have therefore been necessarily inserted, to complete the work according to the plan by which I had proposed to regulate it. I can hardly suppose that were no distinguishing mark placed by which they might be discerned from others, many of my readers would fall into so gross a mistake as to attribute them to any of the eminent persons who claim the rest, but conscious that a desire to be useful, and not a foolish vanity, had induced me to place myself in the same line of observation with them; I shall await my sentence at the bar of candid criticism with fortitude, and not attempt by servile intercession to deprecate disgrace.

The plan above mentioned of making the progress of life my guide, in the order of the work, admits of the introduction of almost every topic by which a human being can be affected, and of the display of sentiments on every occurrence and passion by which he can be actuated in his passage through the world; but as many of these are not immediately interesting in the course of a work on a proposed model, and a premature attention to them would interrupt the chain of connexion, I have devoted chapters, at the end, to letters

letters of wit, humor, and criticism, and to those which are narrative, and descriptive.

No grammar or dictionary is subjoined or prefixed to this work, from a confidence entertained, that those in whose hands it is placed, will have gained their knowledge of orthography, and syntax from more copious and authentic sources. Such aids to knowledge are to be found in many publications of this description, but they are so imperfect, and so ill calculated to illuminate the ignorant, that they are not to be urged as a precedent, or followed as a model.

...of wit, humor, and credulity, and to those
...and descriptive
...of the human mind, and to those
...to the work, from constant attention, and to those
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CHAPTER I.

INSTRUCTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

AS I design, through the whole of this work, to present my ideas of propriety in the style, and mode of address of letters on every occasion touched on in the progress of it, my task in this chapter is confined to general considerations, and directions; to matters which regard equally every kind, and apply to every subject of epistolary composition.

The utility and necessity of letter-writing are defacanted on by so many excellent authors, and general rules are given with so much judgment, propriety, and force, that by a selection from their works the reader will be presented at once with argument, authority, and the most admirable composition the language affords.

In a letter, forming one of a series on the subject of education, written by Mr. Budgell, and inserted in the Spectator, he gives the following hint, which while it enforces the necessity of acquiring a good style, presents so easy and eligible a mean, that I think it deserving of attention.

"I cannot forbear mentioning," says he, "a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever

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failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

"I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

"The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney."

Mr. Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, enters into the subject with that prevailing force of reasoning, and justness of thinking, which always distinguish him: He says, speaking of the education of young persons, "When they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters, wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness.

"The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid shewing himself in this kind of writing. Occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses; whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.

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"To write and speak correctly," continues he, "gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style."

But all that can be said on the subject of letter-writing in a general way, is so amply comprehended, and so admirably expressed by Dr. Johnson, in No. 152, of the Rambler, that I shall give his sentiments at length, which, considered as rules of composition, contain every thing to be derived from ancient and modern writers, and as a specimen, illustrate by the most happy brilliancy of style, and copiousness of allusion, the precepts they inculcate.

"It was the wisdom," says Seneca, "of ancient times, to consider what is most useful as most illustrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

"It has yet happened that, among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

"If it be inquired, by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not, without either

bigotry or arrogance, inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes, from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay, should give way to the narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

"A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts, by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

"Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure, which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little, without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions, by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

"Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by the natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observation with which Walsh

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has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the criticks.—“Letters,” says he, “are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation, are good-humour and good-breeding.”—This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

“No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness, must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; and among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

“As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining, that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper, than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

"That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature, is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase.—Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion, by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

"If the personages of the comic scene be allowed, by Horace, to raise their language in the transports of anger, to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet, at which love or pity enters the heart.

"Letters, that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm melliflence; others

others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party considers exemption from faults, as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

21 "When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe its attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude and securing acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

"The purpose for which letters are written, when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent, either love or esteem; to excite love, we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem, we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected fallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things."

To what has been so well and amply enforced by so great an author, it is not easy to add; but as he chiefly considers composition with respect to the oratorical part, and the graces and faults are not so particularly enumerated, as to afford full instruction on the whole matter, I shall venture to add a few

observations on the perfections and defects of epistolary composition, and consider separately, the subjects of style, or the essential part of a letter, and the minor graces, even to the form of folding it. And I trust I shall not be deemed too minute, considering I write for the instruction of the uninformed, and have for good an authority as Lord Chesterfield, who declares, that "neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing a letter should, by no means, be neglected; for there is something in the exterior, even of a letter, that may please or displease, and consequently deserves some attention."

OF STYLE.

THE chief object of a person who writes a letter on any subject, is to please the person to whom it is addressed; there is but one exception to this rule, which is in the case of writing letters of anger, disdain, reproach, and the like, and in these the style ought to be more particularly guarded, to afford no opportunities of triumph or retort. The polite and accomplished Earl above quoted, is, in his letters to his son, unceasing in his recommendations of attention in this particular: "Think," says he "night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegance of whatever you speak or write: take my word for it your labor will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise, and success which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegance of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then, without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same, in dirty rags, or in the finest or

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best chosen cloaths; but in which of the two he is most likely to please, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine." These and other observations on the art of writing letters are so frequently repeated, and so ardently enforced in the course of his Lordship's correspondence, that it is easy to perceive that he had much at heart, a wish that his darling son should excel in it, and as he is exceedingly minute in his directions on every point, his ideas will be of great use to me in the course of this chapter.

One general rule, which, on a subject of this kind, comprizes all others, is to FOLLOW NATURE; to say what the occasion dictates, and to regulate yourself only by a due attention to the station in life of those you address, and your own. "Letters," says the above noble author, "should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them, just what we would say to those persons, if we were with them." The efforts of the student should be unceasingly directed to the acquisition of a GENTEEL, ACCURATE, and CORRECT manner of writing; and all his care directed to avoid every appearance of COARSENESS, AFFECTATION, and INCORRECTNESS.

In all these points the extremes of the good decline so rapidly into the vices of the bad style, that it is necessary to exert the utmost caution, and to keep attention alive by continual practice, to retain that happy medium in which correctness resides.

A GENTEEL STYLE consists in the use of the most polished language, and best turned sentiments the nature of the subject admits of, and its impression is equally destroyed by grovelling in the mire of vulgarity, soaring on the pinions of pedantry, or confining yourself, by affectation, to the necessary introduction of certain terms and phrases commonly used in the *beau monde*. Ease is one of its essential

requisites, but east injudiciously used, degenerates soon into vulgarity and plebeian inelegance. No terms which are in themselves base, and chiefly used by the lower class of people, ought even in your most familiar letters, and when jocularity is most unrestrained, to find a place, but those inelegancies of diction which mark a want of grammatical knowledge, or proper precision in the use of the minor parts of speech, are sure to expose the writer to never-dying ridicule.

Examples teach more effectually than precepts; the former make an instantaneous impression, and carry irresistible conviction; the latter may be multiplied till the subject becomes obscure and unintelligible, and the mind is bewildered in the midst of orders, injunctions, and prohibitory restrictions: I shall, therefore, conclude this part of my subject with an extract from the letters of Lord Chesterfield, and two from that work which so materially contributed to raise the style, and form the taste of Britons, the *Spectator*. The first relates to the inordinate use of expletives, the two latter to the improper extremes of low and flippant language, though in a familiar correspondence, and the use of an affectedly stiff and learned phraseology.

Lord Chesterfield says to his son, Letter 171. "Imagine yourself writing an office letter to a Secretary of State, which letter is to be read by the whole Cabinet Council, and very possibly afterwards, laid before Parliament; any one barbarism, solecism, or vulgarity in it, would, in a very few days, circulate through the whole kingdom, to your disgrace and ridicule. For instance; I will suppose that you had written the following letter from the Hague, to the Secretary of State at London; and leave you to suppose the consequences of it."

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My Lord, I had last night, the honor of your Lordship's letter of the 24th; and will set about doing the orders contained therein; and if *sa be* that I can get that affair done by the next post, I will not fail *for* to give your Lordship an account of it by *next post*. I have told the French minister, *as how* that if that affair be not soon concluded, your Lordship would think it *all along of him*; and that he must have neglected *for* to have *wrote* to his Court about it. I must beg leave to put your Lordship in mind, *as how* that I am now full three quarters in arrear; and if *sa be* that I do not very soon receive one half year, I shall cut a *very bad figure*; for *this* *here* place is very dear. I shall be *vastly beholden* to your Lordship for *that* *there* mark of your favor; and *sa I rest*;

Yours, &c.

It is needless to inform my readers that the above letter, though the grammatical errors are but few, is such as could be expected only from the most ignorant person in the world; but though we do not meet with vulgarisms or rhetorical errors in such a crowd, we hear every one of those noted in this curious epistle, from time to time, and not unfrequently see them put into writing, by men whose education might exempt them from mistakes of every kind. I do not know how to reconcile to Lord Chesterfield's character for politeness, the observation, "that inaccuracies in orthography, or in style, are never pardoned but in ladies;" it seems to convey an illiberal sentence, which, educated as the ladies of this country have been, for this last century, is so little justifiable in truth as to put it out of our power to applaud it for its wit.

The two following epistles, are those which I promised from the Spectator, they exhibit, forcibly,

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the difference affectation causes in the relation of the same events. The first, Sir Richard Steele accompanies with an observation, that "Wit and humour are poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of *cant*." It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the King's coronation.

Past 12 o'clock, and a frosty morning.

Dear Jack,
I have just left the *right worshipful and his majesty's* midons about a *sneaker* of five gallons. The whole magistracy was *pretty well disguised* before I gave them the *tip*. Our friend the alderman was *half seas over* before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other *bright fellows*. The Doctor plays least in sight.

At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the Pope. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We *equipped the young dog with a tester a-piece*. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their *marrow-bones*, in *mother Day's double*. They whipped us half a dozen hogheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and *spoiled his tip*. The mob were very loyal till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have *dumfounded* the justice; but his clerk came in to his assistance, and *took them all down in black and white*.

When I had been *huzzied out of my seven senses*, I made a visit to the women, who were *guzzling very comfortably*. Mrs. Mayores clipped the king's English. *Clack was the word*.

I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the *posse* had his hat cocked with a distich: the *senators* sent us down a cargo of ribband and metre for the occasion.

Sir Richard to shew his zeal for the protestant religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty *bruy of spinsters*. My dear relict was amongst them, and ambled in a country-dance *as notably as the best of them*.

May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.

The following is an account of the same event, written with all the tumid verbosity of affected learning.

Dear Chum,

It is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of China, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, while a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid

of

of stack-faggots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze: the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tipped elemosynary till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a paste-board pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mob were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who by the help of his amanuensis, took down their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter-sessions, &c. &c.

The affectation of learning is one of the greatest blemishes of style: there are two distinct modes of speaking the English language, so different from each other, that a person speaking the superior, may render himself unintelligible to one accustomed only to the inferior phraseology: the reason is, that many words and phrases are to be expressed by Saxon as well as Roman derivatives; the former are in common use, the latter are more peculiarly in the possession of the learned. The medium ought constantly to be kept in view, and the polite writer, while he makes such display of the more learned language, should leave no doubt of his possessing an abundant stock of it for more elevated occasions, will yet use so much of the

the easier as to render his letter intelligible and agreeable to those of inferior attainments, to whom chance or necessity may occasion a communication of it.

But this affectation is of small inconvenience, compared to that of too frequent quotation; a vice in style, which is always sure to draw on the person using it the imputation of the grossest pedantry. Many a youth, fresh from his studies, struck with the beauties of the classics, and replete with sentences of wit and wisdom, indulges himself in the unrestrained application of them, and gets the name of a pedant; till ashamed of the knowledge he has gained, instead of the misapplication of it, he labours to forget what has brought him nothing but disgrace, and in the end becomes, from a hopeful scholar, as great a blockhead as if he had never been at school.

Ladies are apt to introduce into their epistolary compositions French and Italian phrases, according to the fashion; and sprigs of poetry, and scraps of plays: a quotation or happy phrase judiciously introduced, certainly is an elegance in style, but the too frequent introduction of them can only protect from the most unpardonable affectation.

To write with ease is absolutely necessary to the formation of a graceful epistolary style, but if ease is confounded with, and permitted to degenerate into carelessness, its effect is entirely lost; no one can give pleasure without taking some pains to do so, and the effect of ease in writing ought to be, not an idea or impression in the mind of the reader that what he peruses cost the writer no pains in the composition, but that it is so constructed as to give him no difficulty in the perusal, in searching for obscure and ambiguous meanings, reconciling paradoxical assertions, or developing concealed mysteries; and this is not to be done by carelessness or inattention, but by the use of a style in the highest degree finished, by a lucid arrangement of the topics, and a facility of diction
which

which prevents doubt, and gratifies curiosity at the very moment of exciting it.

OF GRAMMAR.

THOUGH I do not purpose to give, in this work, any grammatical treatise, I cannot omit saying a few words on the necessity of a critical attention to every part of grammar; as the most trifling inaccuracy not only confounds the sense, and puzzles the reader, but exposes the writer to reflections from persons much his inferiors in every attainment, correctness excepted.

ORTHOGRAPHY is the principal thing to be attended to; an incorrectness in that is always considered a certain mark of ill-breeding, vulgar education, and stupidity: the correctness of your orthography ought not only to be general, but descend to the minutest particulars without mistake. To attain this perfection it is absolutely necessary to depend on memory, and a knowledge of the etymology of words, but chiefly the former. The idle resource of a pocket-dictionary is vain and inefficacious, for pride, indolence, and confidence will prevent the necessary use of it; and those who rely on such aids are generally so unacquainted with grammar, that the compound and participial formations of verbs incessantly betray their ignorance.

Fashion makes frequent alterations in the orthography of words, particularly those derived from foreign languages; for example, it has obtained within these few years to dismiss the *u* from the final syllable of words ending in *our*, as *honour*, *labour*, &c. and the concluding *k* from some words ending in *ck*, as *almanack*, *tragick*, *comick*, &c. Now, in these cases, it is no error to adhere to the old orthography, though

it

it is more polite, and has less appearance of singularity, to conform to the new; but the principle on which these letters have been dismissed, their inutility, would, if generally admitted, and attended with the same effect, destroy the language, by confounding all distinction of words pronounced alike, and obliterating most of the traces of etymology.

An inattention to the CONCORDS is one of the grossest faults which can be made, and yet it is most frequently seen in writing and heard in conversation; we condemn the vulgarity of the speaker who uses such phrases as *I goes* and *I comes*, and *says I*, and *thinks I*, but these reduced to writing are still more shocking than when their effect is mitigated by the rapidity of speech. In the use of relatives, great care ought to be taken to distinguish properly between *who* and *that* or *which*; an inattention in this particular is not only a great fault in composition, but often creates irreparable confusion in a sentence. The distinction between the nominative and other cases of pronouns is of consequence, as from not attending minutely to that, many errors in speech gain ground; as for instance, that abominable vulgarity, *between you and I*.

In forming the plural terminations of words derived from the Greek, Latin, and French, the capriciousness of our grammarians is such, that no general rule can be laid down, but the student must depend on his own judgment and observation; it is the fashion in those words which are of recent derivation from the Greek and Latin to form the plural according to the rules of those languages; and in words derived from the French to preserve both the pronunciation and plural termination of the original; thus the plural of *automaton* is *automata*; of *phænomenon*, *phænomena*; *presentiment*, *presentiments*; but in words of more remote importation, as *memorandum*, *sentiment*, *courage*, *equipage*, &c. the established rules

rules of English grammar are preserved inviolate. It is necessary to be apprized of these distinctions, and to comply with the reigning custom, though it may be thought absurd; for though an argument might demonstrate the correctness of your opinion, it would often happen that, in such a matter as a letter, you would be arraigned while absent, and condemned unheard; of ignorance or affectation.

To write with elegance and correctness, it is necessary to acquire a precise and critical knowledge of the meaning of every word used, so as not to run into tautology by the use of words exactly synonymous, or to create confusion and indistinctness by the application of words in senses they will not strictly bear; but above all it is necessary to caution my young readers to avoid the grossness of the vulgar error which confounds *learn* with *teach*, and many other terms with their opposites.

PUNCTUATION, or the insertion of proper stops, is a subject to which early, strict, and unremitting attention ought to be paid; if it is not duly attended to, the sense of the best written sentences becomes obscure, indefinite, and not unfrequently indiscernible. The grammatical rules on this subject are so few, so simple, and, with a little care, so easy in practice, that a neglect of, or a mistake in them is unpardonable: and I cannot omit to caution the reader against the too frequent use of notes of admiration, an affectation which has gained ground within these few years, and is at once ungrammatical and absurd.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

It is not my intention to enter at much length into a consideration of the structure of sentences, and

and the use of the figures of rhetoric, but I shall make a few general remarks; referring my readers for all the information the subject is capable of to Dr. Blair's admirable Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres.

It is of the greatest consequence in writing, to avoid all expletives; to refrain as much as possible from the insertion of parentheses; to use periods of moderate length, and not consisting of too many parts; and to avoid as much as possible terminating a sentence with an unimportant word, or indeclinable part of speech. I forbear to descant on these rules, as a moderate attention to the works of the best authors, in the specimens herein selected, will best illustrate, inforce, and exemplify them.

TAUTOLOGY is so great a fault in composition, that too much care cannot be taken to avoid it; the young student should read his letters aloud, first to himself, then to some judicious friend, and take immediate advantage of every idea in his own mind, or theirs, tending to clear his style of so disgraceful a blemish. The suggestions of indolence and confidence must be disregarded, and, whatever pains it may cost, a thorough reform must be made in every sentence where so glaring a defect is discovered.

The use of FIGURES OF RHETORIC must always be moderate and judicious; in letters of business they ought to find no place; when a more elevated occasion demands a superior style, they may be resorted to, but must be introduced in the most sparing and delicate manner, to escape the charge of affectation, and the conviction of absurdity. I shall not give any rules respecting the use of them, but observe, that there is not so great a blemish in style as what is termed a *broken metaphor*: A metaphor is an expression where the figure of one thing is used to signify another, on account of its resemblance; but if the parts of the resemblance do not perfectly agree, they

they produce a discordance in the whole, destructive of grace and propriety: for example, it is very proper to say, "He who would *climb* to the highest eminence must *step* with caution;" but if it were said, *He who would soar*, &c. it would be nonsense.

There is a species of literal tautology, called alliteration, which consists in assembling, in one sentence, a number of words beginning with the same letter or letters; this some people condemn altogether, and others addict themselves to a frequent use of it. As it has no effect on the sense of what is written, but is calculated merely to please the ear, it should be used as all other ornaments, with great taste, very sparingly, and without ostentation; instances of the abuse of it are very copious, and a striking one may be found in the sonnet of *Holofernes*, in Shakespeare's comedy of *Love's Labour lost*.

OF THE MINOR GRACES.

AT the head of these I place THE ART OF WRITING WELL. Lord Chesterfield is incessantly admonishing and reproving his son on this score, "Your hand, at present," says he, "is an *illiberal one*, it is neither a hand of business, nor of a gentleman, but the hand of a school-boy writing his exercise, which he hopes will never be read;" and he frequently repeats the observation, "that every man who has the use of his eyes and of his right-hand, can write whatever hand he pleases."

As an idea that it is not *genteel* to write a good hand is very prevalent, and industriously circulated by those whom indolence deters from acquiring that accomplishment, I am happy to be able to quote, in contradiction to their judgment, this noble Earl, who was the acknowledged model of politeness, and mi-
nion

mon of the graces; argument would be sufficient to convince those who seek conviction through the medium of reason only, but some persons are more fond of authority, and follow it with more implicit confidence. "If you write epistles," says he, "as well as Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and ill spelled, whoever receives will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it will disgust instead of pleasing." And again, "I do not desire you should write the laboured, stiff character of a writing-master: a man of business must write *quick and well*." In a word, they who excuse their bad writing on account of inability, deserve censure for their childish indolence; they who attribute it to carelessness, pay the rest of the world a very bad compliment; and they who persevere in it from an opinion of its being *genteel*, err against reason and authority. None of my readers, I should hope, would wish to be the object of the censure contained in the following letter; which, though quaintly expressed, is just and judicious.

From James Howel to his Cousin.

Cousin,

Westm. 20th Sept. 1629.

A letter of yours was lately delivered me; I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wondered what language it might be in which it was written. At first I thought it was Hebrew, or some other dialect, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left, to read it, but could make nothing of it: then I thought it might be the Chinese language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. Greek I perceived it was not, nor Latin or English; so I gave it for mere gibberish, and your characters

to be rather hieroglyphics than letters. The best is, you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery-bills, which, as the clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the clients should have room enough to walk between them without jostling one another: yet this wideness had been excusable, if your lines had been straight; but they were full of odd kind of undulations and windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner; I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more gibberish or hieroglyphics from you, but legible letters, that I may acquaint your friends accordingly of your good proceedings. So I rest your very loving cousin.

Different opinions prevail respecting the use of *capital letters*; all writers agree that every sentence should begin with one, and that proper names, and the emphatical words in a sentence should be distinguished by them; but many begin every noun substantive with a capital, which others hold to be improper. I incline to the latter opinion, because the too frequent use of capitals produces an ungraceful effect in writing, and because the indiscriminate application of them to all substantives does not sufficiently mark the distinction between common and appellative names.

From the confusion introduced by using too many capital letters, may have been derived the affectation of *drawing a line under the important words of a sentence*, to mark the emphasis; a custom at once unhandsome to the eye, and affronting to the reader, or disgraceful to the writer; as it must lead to a supposition that the passage is obscure, or that the person

to whom it is addressed wants intellect. It may be sometimes necessary, but ought to be done very seldom.

There are several other little matters to be attended to, to make a letter appear like the production of a well bred person. Some of these, such as *the leaving a margin on the left hand*; *the distance from the top of the sheet* where the letter ought to begin; and *the place for the date*, whether it shall be at the top or bottom of the page, with some other minute niceties, are regulated entirely by fashion, and written rules would only mislead and puzzle the reader. The mention of these points will gain for them a proper share of attention, and a little enquiry will procure such information as to preclude the possibility of a mistake.

Some other points, having relation to positive ideas of beauty and propriety, are not at all influenced by fashion, which cannot interfere with them, such as *an attention to the straightness of your lines*; which ought to be strictly regulated, and no auxiliary rejected which can prevent the disagreeable and inelegant exhibition of diagonal or zigzag lines. If you are under the necessity of marking lines with a lead pencil, take care to rub them out with India rubber or bread before your letter is sent away.

In making up a letter, care ought to be taken to fold it so as to leave room to conceal the wafer or display the seal intended for it; the folds ought to be strongly pressed with an ivory folder, or the hand, so as to lay flat, and make the corners sharp, that when they are sealed they may not shew an uneven surface, or unhandsome shape.

The superscription, or address of letters, should contain every thing necessary to enable the postman or messenger to deliver them without mistakes; for this purpose, the name and title, or other proper addition, of the party to whom they are written should be

be set forth; and the street, town, or other place, of their residence, together with the name of the county, district, nearest market town, or, in the metropolis, the nearest great public street, square, church, or other well known building, as custom may direct. There is an honourable exception to this rule, in the case of merchants, in London; to whom letters are directed, without the addition of the street or place where their counting-house is situated, merely in this way, "Mr. Edward King, Merchant, London."

I have subjoined a table of the proper modes of beginning and addressing letters to every class of people in this kingdom, together with the proper terms of respect to be used in the course of the letter, where the structure of the sentence renders the introduction of them necessary; this will obviate a great difficulty in the minds of many persons who have been misinformed, or not at all instructed in these particulars.

Modern refinement has excluded from the directions of letters the preposition "To," which is now considered a vulgarism, as well as the words "present" and "these," which, in former times, formed part of the superscription.

It is a great error, and no mark of true politeness, which is good-nature and self-denial, tempered by a knowledge of the world, to thrust on a person a greater title than, from his rank, he can lay claim to; a member of parliament, not being a privy-counsellor, should not be styled "Right Honourable;" a merchant, or attorney at law, however wealthy and respectable, have no right to be called "Esquire."

TABLE

TABLE

OF

MODES OF ADDRESS,

AND

SUPERSCRPTION OF LETTERS.

TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE KING—*To the King's most excellent Majesty; Sir; Most gracious Sovereign; or May it please your Majesty. And in the course of the letter, not you, but your Majesty.*

THE QUEEN—*To the Queen; or To the Queen's most excellent Majesty. Madam; or May it please your Majesty. Your Majesty.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES—*His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. Sir; or May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES—*Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. Madam; or May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

All other Princes and Princesses of the Blood are addressed by the style of "Royal Highness," to which is superadded any other title his Majesty may have thought proper to bestow on them, as "Duke of York," &c.

TO THE CLERGY.

THE ARCHBISHOPS—*His Grace, the Archbishop of C. My Lord Archbishop; or May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

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C

BISHOPS

BISHOPS—*The right reverend Father in God, T. Lord Bishop of L. My Lord; or May it please your Lordship. Your Lordship.*

DEANS, &c.—*The Revd. Dr. F. Dean of Y. Canon of W. Prebend of C. Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of B. &c. &c. Reverend Sir; or Sir.*

RECTORS, CURATES, &c.—*The Revd. Mr. B. Reverend Sir; or Sir.*

N. B. If a clergyman be the son of a Duke, he is styled *Lord*, as, Lord G. M. If the son of a Peer of less rank, he is styled *the honourable*, or the reverend Mr. A. or B. indiscriminately.

TO THE OFFICERS, &c. OF THE LAW.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR—*The right honorable the Lord Chancellor. May it please your Lordship; or My Lord, your Lordship.*

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—*The right honourable W. P. Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir.*

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH—*The right honorable Lord K. My Lord. May it please your Lordship.*

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COMMON PLEAS—*The honorable Sir James E. My Lord (though not a peer.) Your Lordship.*

THE LORD CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER—*The same.*

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS—*His Honor, the Master of the Rolls. Sir; or May it please your Honor. Your Honor.*

THE PUISNE JUDGES AND BARONS—*Mr. Justice R. Mr. Baron T. or if they have a title, by that title, as, Sir F. B. Bart. Sir.*

MASTERS IN CHANCERY—*W. G. Esq. Sir.*

ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR GENERAL—*Mr. Attorney, or Mr. Solicitor General. Sir.*

RECORDER, COMMON SERJEANT, &c.—*Mr. Recorder, &c. Sir.*

SERJEANTS AT LAW—*Mr. Serjeant A. Sir.*

BARRISTERS—If younger sons of Peers, by their proper style of Honorable; as, *The Honorable T. E.* If otherwise, *E. B. Esq. Sir.* And all Barristers are styled Esquires, whether King's Counsel or not.

TO THE OFFICERS OF STATE, &c.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL—*His Grace, the Duke of L. Lord President of the Council. My Lord Duke, your Grace.*

SECRETARY OF STATE—*The right honorable W. W. one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State. Sir.*

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—*The right honorable W. A. Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir.*

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY, &c.
—If addressed collectively, *The right honorable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. My Lords. Your Lordships.* If individually, according to their ordinary rank in life.

THE OFFICERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD—
If upon business relating to their office, by the style of that office; as, *The most noble the Marquis of S. Lord Chamberlain. My Lord Chamberlain, &c. &c.*

TO THE NOBILITY.

DUKES—*His Grace the Duke of L. My Lord Duke; or May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

MARQUISSES—*The most noble Marquis of S. My Lord; or My Lord Marquis. Your Lordship.*

EARLS—*The right honorable the Earl of M. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

VISCOUNTS—*The right honorable Lord Viscount F. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

BARONS—*The right honorable Lord D. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

LADIES—*According to the rank of their husbands; as, Her Grace the Duchess of A. Madam. Your Grace.*

The right honorable the Marchioness of S. My Lady; or Madam. Your Ladyship.

The right honorable the Countess of M. My Lady. Your Ladyship. &c. &c.

N. B. The eldest sons of Dukes, are, by courtesy, styled Marquises; the eldest sons of Marquises, Earls; those of Earls, Viscounts; and the sons of Viscounts and Barons, The honorable. The younger sons of Dukes, are called Lords; and the daughters of these nobility, and their sons wives, are styled according to the title given by courtesy to their husbands or brothers.

TO GOVERNORS OF ISLANDS,
COLONIES, &c.

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND—*His Excellency the Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. My Lord; or May it please your Excellency. Your Excellency.*

Go-

GOVERNORS OF COLONIES, FORTS, &c. — *The Honorable T. S. Governor of his Majesty's Leeward Charribbee Islands. Sir.*

TO THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE, OR
AMBASSADORS, ENVOYS, &c.

His Excellency the Earl of B. his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Spain. My Lord. Your Excellency.

His Excellency Count de G. his Swedish Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain. Sir. Your Excellency.

COMMANDERS AND OFFICERS IN THE
ARMY AND NAVY.

If these gentlemen possess any titles of nobility, or honor, they are superadded to those which denote their rank.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Field Marshal. Sir; or May it please your Royal Highness. The Honorable Sir R. H. Admiral of the Blue. Sir.

Majors, &c. in the Army, and Captains in the Navy, are addressed, *Major P. Sir. Captain B. Sir. &c. &c.*

BODIES CORPORATE.

The honorable the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England. Gentlemen; or May it please your Honors. Your Honors.

The honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Gentlemen, &c.

The Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. Gentlemen, &c.

COMMONERS.

BARONETS—*Sir T. H. Bart. Sir.*

KNIGHTS—*Sir B. H. Sir.*

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—If Privy Counsellors, Officers of State, in the army or navy, or royal household, or sons of Peers, according to such situation: otherwise, *M. A. T. Esq. M. P. Sir.*

DOCTORS OF PHYSIC, LAWS, &c.—*Dr. B. Dr. L. &c. Sir.*

PERSONS IN PROFESSIONS OR TRADES.

Messrs. R. and Co. Merchants, London.

Mr. T. G. Attorney at Law, Paper Buildings, Temple.

Mr. H. L. Apothecary, S. Street, Charing Cross.

Mr. A. M. Mercer, Cheapside, &c. &c. &c

CHAPTER II.

LETTERS ADAPTED TO THE AGE OF PUERILITY.

IN this chapter, according to the plan proposed in the introduction, I shall give instructions for, and specimens of, correspondence in the first stage of life; namely, from the first dawn of reason, to the time of leaving those seminaries where the first principles of education are received.

I have made no distinct chapters of letters for ladies and gentlemen, but have taken the utmost care so to adapt my specimens that they may equally suit both; not to be copied verbally, but to present such ideas as the parties may use to advantage.

The first entrance into existence has hardly ever been considered as a period of commencing an epistolary correspondence; but there is, in the following letter, such an engaging mixture of amiable levity and sound sense, that I have placed it at the beginning of these letters, as it is, at least, favorable to the system I mean to follow, so far as relates to order.

Letter from Miss Talbot to a new-born infant.

You are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, that may not talk an

immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition; the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendour. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's* first rule of conversation, Silence; though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will, by degrees, wear off: the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex: oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother

* "Secker is decent." Pope.

come

come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance), that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied thine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but as I dare say you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well; in the mean time, I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent,

Most affectionately yours, &c.

LETTERS OF SOLICITATION.

The most obvious subject of puerile correspondence, is the making of such requests as their circumstances render necessary; in writing such letters, great care must be taken not to ask any thing which is not in itself necessary and reasonable; to express a sincere gratitude for past favors and indulgences, and a reliance on the kindness of the person to whom the letter is addressed to grant any thing which is asked in reason; and the writer should arm his mind with gratitude, forbearance, and resignation, to enable himself to bear a repulse without murmuring or feeling unhappy. Parents are most pleased with, and grant most readily, those requests which are made with a view to the advancement of their children, or charges in the various branches of their education,

and none are so honorable to the writer as those which refer to that subject.

From a young Gentleman to his Father, desiring leave to learn French.

Honored Sir,

If you continue to wish that I should become master of the French language, as you hinted the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, an opportunity now offers which I should be very sorry to lose; we have at this time several boarders in the house lately arrived from France, for the purpose of being instructed in the English language; their society would be of great advantage to me in learning to speak and pronounce the French, which renders me very desirous to obtain your permission to begin learning it without delay: if you are so kind to grant me this favor, in addition to my other improvements, I flatter myself that I shall in this particular deserve your approbation.

I am, honored Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son.

His Father's Answer.

Dear George,

I comply with pleasure with your request to begin learning so polite and useful a language as the French, and congratulate you on the very fortunate opportunity which presents itself to forward your proficiency. As your Mamma and I speak the language, we shall expect that, when with us, you use it chiefly in conversation, and shall receive with the greatest pleasure such of your future letters as are written in French. I must caution you against too much diffidence, or *mauvaise honte*, which is the bane of learners on the one hand, and that self-confidence and impatience of correction which is no less fatal to them

them on the other; but I forbear to dwell on these topics, not doubting that your worthy and discreet master, Mr. E. will have said to you every thing which can forward or facilitate your improvement.

I remain, dear George,

Your affectionate Parent.

From a Young Lady to her Mamma, desiring leave to learn Arithmetic.

Dear Mama, or Honored Madam,

Many of the young ladies here, whose ages do not exceed mine, have begun to learn arithmetic, which is taught by our writing master, Mr. Butler; he has written a very entertaining book, which unites the science of figures with a great many anecdotes, and narratives historical, biographical and chronological, and several parts of useful and entertaining knowledge. The pleasure I see other young ladies take in this study, and the advantage it seems to give them in conversation, render me desirous to be similarly accomplished. I throw myself with confidence on the kindness of my dear, and ever indulgent Mamma to favor me in this particular, and flatter myself that her approbation of my proficiency in this branch of education, will be equal to that she was pleased to bestow on me in the last holidays, and which contributed so much to the felicity of

My dear Mamma's

Most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

THAT a knowledge of arithmetic is essentially necessary to every man in every station of life, from a prime minister, to the lowest retail shopkeeper, is generally

generally acknowledged, and that it is of use and ornament to ladies, may be learned by the following letter from the great DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, author of *The Rambler*, the *Lives of the Poets*, and many other moral and useful works, and compiler of the celebrated *English Dictionary*, known by his name; to MISS SOPHIA THRALE, daughter of his deceased friend Mr. Thrale, by whom he, the Doctor, had been constituted one of her guardians. Dr. Johnson was born 1709, died 1784.

London, July 24, 1783.

Dearest Miss Sophy,

By an absence from home, and for one reason and another, I owe a great number of letters, and I assure you, that I sit down to write your's first. Why you should think yourself not a favourite, I cannot guess; my favour will, I am afraid, never be worth much; but be its value more or less, you are never likely to lose it, and less likely, if you continue your studies with the same diligence as you have begun them.

Your proficience in arithmetic is not only to be commended, but admired. Your master does not, I suppose, come very often, nor stay very long; yet your advance in the science of numbers is greater than is commonly made by those who, for so many weeks as you have been learning, spend six hours a day in the writing school.

Never think, my sweet, that you have arithmetic enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries. A thousand stories, which the ignorant tell and believe, die away at once, when the computist takes them in his gripe. I hope you will cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical inquiries; they will give you entertainment in

solitude,

solitude, by the practice; and reputation in public, by the effect.

If you can borrow *Wilkin's Real Character*, a folio, which the bookseller can perhaps let you have, you will have a very curious calculation, which you are qualified to consider, to shew that Noah's ark was capable of holding all the known animals of the world, with provision for all the time in which the earth was under water. Let me hear from you soon again.

I am, Your, &c.

From a Young Gentleman to his Guardian, acquainting him that he has begun to learn Geography.

Dear Sir,

I have lately enlarged the circle of my studies, by beginning to learn geography, I find it very entertaining, and it promises not only pleasure but profit. Without a knowledge of this science, one cannot read a common newspaper with any degree of intelligence; and were this to be the only advantage derived from it, the attention bestowed in the acquiring it would be well repaid: of what infinite service must it be in reading histories, tours, travels, &c. A person must frequently be very much at a loss even in common conversation, without a competent knowledge of this valuable science.

I do not thus dilate on the value of this acquisition on a presumption that I am conveying information to you, but merely to shew that I am perfectly sensible of the advantage to be derived from it. The young gentlemen who are engaged in the same study, have entered into a subscription to purchase a pair of globes to facilitate their improvement, and I trust to that liberality and kindness I have so constantly experienced

at

at your hands, to be supplied with the sum necessary to deposit my quota, it is fifteen shillings.

Give me leave, dear Sir, on this occasion to repeat my thanks for all the kind attentions I have heretofore received from you, and to assure you that by so well supplying the place of parents, I have been so unhappy to lose, you and Mrs. G. intitle yourselves, and shall always receive from me all the respect and love, which they would, if living, have claimed, from

Your affectionate and obliged Ward,
and humble Servant.

From a Young Lady to her Father, requesting leave to learn to Dance.

I address myself to my dear Papa, with a degree of trepidation I seldom feel on such an occasion, because I am going to ask a favor of him, of the greatest importance to my present happiness. It is that I may be permitted to join with the rest of the young ladies of my age, in taking instructions from Mons. B. the dancing-master. I assure, my dear Papa, that so far from remitting my attention to the other branches of my education, this indulgence will operate as a spur to my industry and assiduity; but though I have so earnest a desire to attain this very polite and graceful accomplishment, I intreat you to believe, that if your answer should not be favorable to my wishes, I shall feel no other sensation than regret at having made an improper request, being convinced that your affection and judgment will lead you to grant liberally, whatever can conduce to my improvement, and to withhold nothing without the best and wisest reasons. I remain

Dear Papa;

Your most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

THE

THE graces and advantages to be derived from excelling in this very polite accomplishment, are described with so much warmth, and in a manner so truly paternal, in the following letter, that I have transcribed it from the Spectator; it is supposed to be the production of Sir Richard Steele, one of the compilers of that admirable miscellany.

Sir,

I am a widower with but one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I caught her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I have ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which
" I think

I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Sir, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the slippant, insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, shewed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I will strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball

for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honor, dance with her.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

From a Young Lady to her Guardian, desiring permission to learn Music.

Dear Sir,

Your disposition is of that kind, that to please others is to confer the same agreeable sensation upon yourself; I have experienced this truth on several occasions, and your friendship and kindness for me never fail. I think music a most charming amusement, and for a lady an universal and elegant accomplishment. If you will permit me, I will devote some part of my time to the study of it. We have a good master, who attends the school three times a week, he is much esteemed by his scholars, and highly approved by Mrs. T. The harpsichord is the instrument I should prefer; your next letter will, I trust, commission me to call in the assistance of Mr. S. to instruct me in this charming science, which will add to the many obligations already conferred on

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful Ward.

From a Young Gentleman to his Uncle, desiring to learn to Fence.

Dear Sir,

I have long had a great desire to learn the art of fencing, and, if I am favoured with your consent, I have now an opportunity of indulging my wish. I
hope

hope never to have occasion to reduce the science to practice, nor do I entirely wish to learn it for the sake of being a good swordsman, but it is a most agreeable exercise, and contributes very much towards opening the chest, strengthening the body, and improving the whole frame. The master's terms are rather high, which must be the case, as it is an accomplishment peculiar to the liberal, the well bred, and the affluent. Your compliance with this request will much oblige,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Nephew.

From a Young Gentleman to his Father, requesting to learn the Military Exercise.

Honored Sir,

I take the liberty of soliciting your consent that I may learn the military exercise. A serjeant who has served in the army many years, a very honest, and for his station in life, gentlemanlike man, attends our school twice a week, and many of the young gentlemen are much improved by his instructions.

The advantages to be derived from the acquisition of such knowledge are, of the utmost consequence both to health and appearance, the first is preserved by assisting the play of the chest, and giving every part of the body its proper situation and action; and the latter is benefited by being freed from every thing like rusticity or vulgarity.

My saying so much on such a subject may possibly excite a smile; it is easy to find words to express one's sentiments on common occasions, but I can never convey by language an adequate idea of the affection and sincerity with which

I am, honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

From

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, claiming a
promised increase of Allowance.*

Honored Sir,

You were so kind to promise when last I had the pleasure of seeing you, that when I had finished reading the fourth Book of the *Æneid*, you would make an addition to my allowance for pocket money; I have the pleasure to inform you that I completed it yesterday, and am proud to add, to the intire satisfaction of my master.

I take so early an occasion to convey this information to you, not from an eagerness to obtain the promised pecuniary recompense, but that I may afford you the pleasure I perceive you derive from a knowledge of my making a progress in my learning; at the same time I do not mean to say that the anticipation of your promised bounty gives me no pleasure, it is flattering to me in a most interesting point, and I shall consider it an addition to the load of obligation already laid on,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Son.

*From a Young Lady to her Aunt, requesting to learn
Drawing.*

Honored Madam,

I feel no embarrassment in making application to that liberality which has so often supplied every want and every wish of mine, before I had time to reduce it to the form of a request, but I feel conscious of a daily increase of obligation, which the attention and gratitude of my whole life can hardly repay: yet I should hold myself inexcusable were I to conceal
any

any laudable inclination from you, who have so often, with the kindest assurances, enjoined me to impart to you all the wishes of my heart. I have, at present, a great desire to learn to draw and paint, a very fashionable, and truly feminine employment; the amiable Lady Caroline C. Miss B. and several more of the most distinguished young ladies at this school have made some proficiency in the art, and I trust to your kindness to give the necessary orders, that I may be included in the list of Mr. L's pupils; I long to begin learning, and anticipate the pleasure of surprising my dear Aunt with the improvement of

Her obliged and affectionate Niece.

From Young Gentlemen on the approach of the Holidays.

Honored Sir,

A few weeks will now give me an opportunity of revisiting H—, and of renewing those pleasing scenes which have been interrupted by my being at school. The separation has been attended with very pleasing effects; for had I never been divided from you, I should have never felt that lively joy which now plays around my heart, and will endear our meeting.

Be so kind to inform all my friends that distance has made no alteration in my sentiments, that I remember them with the highest respect, and look forward with earnest expectation to that joyful moment when we shall meet again.

I flatter myself that my improvements will equal your wishes, and that you will have no occasion to tax me with negligence. Mr. and Mrs. H. beg their respectful compliments: please to accept of, and present my duty to my Mamma, respects to all my friends, and love to my brothers and sisters.

I am, honored Sir,

Your dutiful Son.

Honored

Honored Sir,

It gives me much pleasure to inform you that our vacation commences the 21st instant, on which day most of my school-fellows will be conducted to their respective homes in town; as I am informed you are still at C—— I shall be much obliged to you to let me know where I am to be left in London till your servant comes for me: if I may be allowed to express my wish on the subject, it is that I may stay with Mr. H. in S—— Street, till Robert reaches town, as the kindness of that gentleman and his family to me on a former occasion, excite in me the warmest gratitude, and an earnest desire to see them again.

I trust this specimen of my penmanship will meet your approbation, and that you will be equally satisfied with my proficiency in other branches of my education. And I flatter myself you will be pleased to learn that Mr. E. permits me to say that my general conduct during the last half year intitles me to his applause. He and Mrs. E. desire me to present their compliments to you and my mamma.

Pray accept of, and present my duty to my mamma and aunt, love to my brothers and sisters, and respects to all friends, and believe me,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Son.

From a Young Lady to her Mamma, on the same Occasion.

Dear Mamma,

I received your very kind letter, in which you speak of the pleasure you promise yourself in my company these Christmas holidays. I beg leave to offer

offer you my most sincere thanks for your obliging expressions, the satisfaction I feel from them can be better conceived than committed to paper. It shall be my constant desire, to merit similar sentiments from you, and may every wish of your heart be as completely gratified as I trust this will be, the 21st. being fixed for the day of our going home.

Present my duty to my papa, and affectionate and respectful remembrances, to my relations and friends, and believe me

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

In the three last specimens I have inserted a paragraph of complimentary remembrances, I have not done so in every letter to avoid repetitions, but the student *must never omit it*; and take particular notice that no opportunity of closing his letter gracefully with another subject, or fancied advantage or elegance of any kind, must tempt him to leave it out of the body of his letter, and throw it into a postscript.

From a Young Gentleman to his Uncle, desiring leave to accept an Invitation.

Honored Sir,

Our vacation commences the 21st inst. and I am invited to pass the holidays at the house of the Rev. Mr. L. father of one of my school-fellows. I lament the impossibility of my passing my time with you, and still more the occasion of it, your precarious state of health. Next to that satisfaction, however, will be the pleasure I shall feel in being permitted to accept the invitation my school-fellow has been so kind to procure for me, to which I hope and trust you will have no objection, as the known respectability, and

and excellent character of Mr. L. leave no doubt that I shall find both pleasure and improvement in my residence with him.

I am, honored Sir,
Your most dutiful Nephew,
And obliged humble Servant.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

ON a compliance, from the person solicited, with any request, a certain gratitude is due, and ought on no occasion to be omitted; it is no excuse to say, that you expect to see the party in a short time; that you fear being troublesome by too many letters; or that you feel the sentiment though you omit to express it; an imputation of ingratitude, though but momentary, and perhaps erroneous, is the most disgraceful, and injurious that can possibly attach to any person's character, how careful then ought every one to be to avoid it.

General Letter of Thanks, from a Young Gentleman to his Father.

Honored Sir,

I have just received your letter, in which you consent to the request I made you in my last; indeed I never doubted your acquiescence, as your kindness is so extensive towards me as almost to prevent my wishes, and your watchful attention provides every thing that may conduce not only to my improvement, but pleasure. Give me leave then to return you my sincerest thanks for this, and the many other favors

favours I have experienced from you. I trust that they will not be thrown away, but that the seed will be sown in a fruitful soil, and produce a plentiful increase of affection and gratitude in,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son.

From a Young Lady to her Mamma, thanking her for permission to learn to Dance.

My dear Mamma,

I was this day made happy by the receipt of your letter, where you grant the request I formerly made of being taught to dance, and will not delay a single post to convey to you an idea of the heartfelt gratitude with which so ready a compliance with my wishes inspires me. When I feel a desire to possess more good qualities of mind, or more personal accomplishments than I do already, my chief motive is an inclination to approach as near as possible, or, at least, not totally to degenerate from that pattern of excellence and elegance, which I always see you display, and which renders you the admiration of all your acquaintance, and me the envy of mine. I remain,

My dear Mamma,

Your most affectionate and grateful Daughter.

From a Young Gentleman to his Father, who had given him leave to learn to Fence.

Honoured Sir,

I thank you no less for the salutary advice, than the indulgent permission contained in your letter which

which I have just received: I hope I shall always be incapable of deviating so far from the precepts of religion, and the effects of your excellent example and admonitions, as to entertain a desire of acquiring a talent which I could only display to the injury or (horrid to think of) destruction of my fellow-creatures.

When I requested your permission to learn the elegant accomplishment of the use of the small sword, it was, as I truly stated, with no other view than that of gaining an additional mark of my having received at your hands the education of a gentleman. Believe me, my dearest father, if I could conceive for a moment, or would you assure me that it is your opinion, that my learning that art will beget, or encourage in me a quarrelsome or captious disposition, I would, without the least abatement of gratitude, approach you for permission to countermand the orders Mr. E. has just sent to Mr. R. the fencing master, to furnish me with foils, gloves, and the other necessities. I value one moment of your good opinion, and the heartfelt satisfaction imparted by one humane sensation, or act of manly self-denial, infinitely more than all the applauses which can accrue from the possession of accomplishments, which are of no value but as the ornaments of virtue, and benevolence.

I am, honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

PARENTAL AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

IN writing letters to parents, children cannot be too copious, and frequent in those effusions of affection, which are the chief delight, and only recompense for inexpressible care, anxiety, and good-will;

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and an expence often supplied by the sacrifice, not only of the luxuries and comforts, but sometimes those conveniencies which approach nearest to necessities of life.

Parents in general express and feel more affection than is similarly returned by their children; this does not invariably flow from a bad disposition in the latter, but from the levity, and inconsiderateness of youth; I trust, such of my readers as are parents, will, on this occasion, excuse my obtruding on them my ardent wish that heaven may avert from them the experience

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is

“To have a thankless child.”

Letter from a Young Lady to her Mamma, containing an Apology for not writing sooner.

Honored Madam,

I lament exceedingly that I have so long deferred writing to you, and sincerely beg pardon for a neglect, which, I trust, I shall never be guilty of again.

I will take shame to myself, and confess it proceeded from carelessness, lest you should impute it to a want of attachment to you and my papa. Affection and thanks is the least return which can be made by children to their parents, for the numberless obligations they owe them. It would give me the severest pain to subject myself to the charge of so black a crime as ingratitude; especially to a parent to whose tender care and constant solicitude I feel an increase of obligation every day, and which I will endeavour, for the future, never to cease displaying by unremitting acts of duty and attention. I am,

Honored Madam,

Your most affectionate Daughter.

From

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, on the like
Occasion.*

Honoured Sir,

I heartily beg your pardon for having omitted to write to you the moment I reached this place. I intreat you not to impute it to the failure of that respectful attention I shall ever consider due from me to you, for absence, and time will never have power to eradicate from my heart those sentiments of affection, duty, and sincere love, which repeated obligations have aided the hand of nature in cultivating there. The reason of my delay was, that I had not yet been able to execute the commission with which you honored me till yesterday; I have sent the articles you desired by the B—— waggon this day, and hope that you will get them safe, and be not only satisfied with my execution of this commission, but receive it as a testimony of that unalterable affection, with which I am,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

*From Young Gentlemen to their Parents from whom
they had not heard as they expected.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

My brother and I have for some days expected a letter from you, the disappointment has given us great concern. Our separation from you, though attended with the most beneficial consequences to us, must naturally occasion some regret, and the hearing from you causes such sensations, as they alone can feel who are blest with parents so indulgent. May we solicit an answer to this by return of post, as our present anxiety

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erty is of the most distressing nature, from the apprehension that indisposition or misfortune has so long delayed our expected pleasure. We are,

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Your dutiful and affectionate Sons.

Answer to the preceding Letter, from the Father of the Writers.

Dear Boys,

I comply with the request contained in your very affectionate letter of yesterday, because I would not, on any account, seem to trifle with feelings so honorable to yourselves, and agreeable to your Mamma and me.

We are both, thank God, in good health; but the reason we did not write before has been the illness, and death of your poor Grand-mamma. She was attacked with a fever, and ended her mortal course the day before yesterday; her end was exemplary, and she mentioned you in her last prayers. You possess so just a sense of filial duty, that I am sure you can form a conception of the acuteness of my feelings on the loss of so valuable a parent, and you must, from a principle of gratitude, regret the decease of a person, to whose tender care you owe your safe passage through the difficult and dangerous æra of infancy, exempt from those accidents which produce death or deformity, and remain a perpetual scourge and stigma through life.

The pleasure your very timely and dutiful letter has given to your mamma and me, has greatly alleviated our sense of pain at the loss of the deceased, this fact may give you to understand of how much consequence to our happiness it is, that you should persevere in the same laudable course. I shall send Mr. C. to you in a few days, to take measure of you for mourning,

mourning, which you will receive as soon as possible after the funeral. May the Almighty prosper all your endeavours, and favour the growth of goodness in your hearts, is the prayer as well of your Mamma as of

Your affectionate Father.

ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION.

THESE are the most interesting topics on which parents can address letters to their children, and those which the latter should receive with most pleasure, and treasure with that care which in fairy legends is related to have attached to talismans; as a frequent perusal of, and recurrence to these sources of action, would guard the heart against the approach of vice and folly, as the talisman was fabled to preserve the body from witchcraft and danger.

This observation leads me to take notice of the prevailing practice amongst young people of losing and destroying the letters they receive from their parents, and friends, a practice by which they not only shew a great contempt of, and rudeness towards the writers, but deprive themselves of the very great pleasure they enjoy in their maturer years, who in the first stages of life have preserved these testimonies of the affection of their friends.

The six letters next following, are from those written by the late Philip Earl of Chesterfield, to his Son, afterwards Envoy at the Court of Dresden, a work from which I should have selected many more specimens than I have, but for fear of the too great sameness, which the taking of too many letters from one author would have created in my work; and a

knowledge that most of his letters are selected in various small works, generally in the hands of young persons. With respect to the merits of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, a great diversity of opinion prevails; a true estimate may be formed of them from the following lines of Mr. Hayley's Triumphs of Temper:

- " A volume of the Wit lay near the fair,
- " Whose value tried by fashion's varying touch,
- " Once rose too high, and now is sunk too much."

His Lordship died in 1773.

Lord Chesterfield to his Son; on Modesty and Ma-
naisa honte.

My Dear Child,

If it is possible to be too modest, you are; and you deserve more than you require. An amber headed cane, and a pair of buckles, are a recompence so far from being adequate to your deserts, that I shall add something more. Modesty is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true morals: it engages and captivates the minds of people; as on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgusting, than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavors to conceal his own merit; who sets that of other people in its true light; who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty: such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

There is, however, a great difference between modesty, and an awkward bashfulness; which is as ridiculous

as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton, as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. The English are generally apt to be bashful; and have not those easy, free, and at the same time polite manners, which the French have. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company: he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks even to people he does not know, without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good-breeding: a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentleman-like behaviour.

These are matters worthy your attention; reflect on them, and unite modesty, to a polite and easy assurance.

Adieu.

I this instant receive your letter of the 27th, which is very well written.

The same to the same; on proper and foolish Ambition.

N. B. The weak pun or quibble with which this letter sets out, is unworthy the *Wit* or the *Scholar*, it would hardly have been excusable in the little

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boy.

boy to have made such a silly attempt at facetiousness.

Dear Boy,

I send you here a few more Latin roots, though I am not sure that you will like my roots so well as those that grow in your garden; however, if you will attend to them, they may save you a great deal of trouble. These few will naturally point out many others to your own observation; and enable you, by comparison, to find out most derived and compound words when once you know the original root of them. You are old enough now to make observations upon what you learn; which, if you would be pleased to do, you cannot imagine how much time and trouble it would save you. Remember, you are now very near nine years old; an age at which all boys ought to know a great deal, but, you, particularly, a great deal more, considering the care and pains that have been employed about you; and if you do not answer these expectations, you will lose your character; which is the most mortifying thing that can happen to a generous mind. Every body has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed: the difference is, that the ambition of silly people, is a silly and mistaken ambition, and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance; the ambition of a silly boy, of your age, would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away on idle follies; which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in shewing good-nature and compassion, in
learning

learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition; and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men, as well as in boys: the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have a fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things which any body, that has as much money, may have as well as he; for they are all to be bought: but the ambition of a man of sense and honor is, to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedemonians and the Romans, when they made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will always be.

Adieu.

The same to the same; on Oratory.

Dear Boy,

Let us return to oratory, or the art of speaking well; which should never be entirely out of your thoughts, since it is so useful in every part of life, and so absolutely necessary in most. A man can make no figure without it, in parliament, in the church, or in the law; and even in common conversation, a man that has acquired an easy and habitual eloquence, who speaks properly and accurately, will have a great advantage over those who speak incorrectly and inelegantly.

The business of oratory, as I have told you before, is to persuade people; and you easily feel, that to please people is a great step towards persuading them. You must then, consequently, be sensible

how advantageous it is for a man; who speaks in public, whether it be in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar (that is in the courts of law) to please his hearers so much as to gain their attention: which he can never do without the help of oratory. It is not enough to speak the language, he speaks in, in its utmost purity, and according to the rules of grammar; but he must speak it elegantly; that is, he must chuse the best and most expressive words, and put them in the best order. He should, likewise, adorn what he says by proper metaphors, similes, and other figures of rhetoric; and he should enliven it, if he can, by quick and sprightly turns of wit. For example; suppose you had a mind to persuade Mr. Maittaire to give you a holiday, would you bluntly say to him, give me a holiday? That would certainly not be the way to persuade him to it. But you should endeavour first to please him, and gain his attention, by telling him; that your experience of his goodness and indulgence encouraged you to ask a favour of him; that, if he should not think proper to grant it, at least you hoped, he would not take it ill that you asked it. Then you should tell him, what it was that you wanted; that it was a holiday; for which you should give your reasons; as that you had such or such a thing to do, or such a place to go to. Then you might urge some arguments why he should not refuse you; as that you seldom asked that favour, and that you seldom will; and that the mind may sometimes require a little rest from labour, as well as the body. This you may illustrate by a simile, and say, that as the bow is the stronger for being sometimes unstrung and unbent, so the mind will be capable of more attention, for being now and then easy and relaxed.

This is a little oration, fit for such a little orator as you; but, however, it will make you understand what is meant by oratory and eloquence: which is to persuade.

persuade. I hope you will have that talent hereafter in great matters.

The same to the same; on Insignificance of Character.

Dear Boy,

I was very sorry that Mr. Maittaire did not give me such an account of you, yesterday, as I wished and expected. He takes so much pains to teach you, that he well deserves from you the returns of care and attention. Besides, pray consider, now that you have justly got the reputation of knowing much more than other boys of your age do, how shameful it would be for you to lose it; and to let other boys, that are now behind you get before you. If you would but have attention, you have quickness enough to conceive, and memory enough to retain; but without attention, while you are learning, all the time you employ at your book is thrown away; and your shame will be the greater, if you would be ignorant, when you had such opportunities of learning. An ignorant man is insignificant and contemptible; nobody cares for his company, and he can just be said to live, and that is all. There is a very pretty French epigram, upon the death of such an ignorant, insignificant fellow, the sting of which is, *that he was once alive, and that he is now dead.* This is the epigram which you may get by heart:

Colas est mort de maladie,
 Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort,
 Que diable veux tu que j'en die ?
 Colas vivoit,—Colas est mort.

IMITATED.

'Tis done then—Colas is no more,
 In plaintive strains can I deplore
 His loss? No—all that can be said
 Is—Colas liv'd—Colas is dead.

Take care not to deserve the name of Colas; which I shall certainly give you, if you do not learn well: and then that name will get about, and every body will call you Colas; which will be much worle than Frisky.

You are now reading Mr. Rollin's Ancient History: pray remember to have your maps by you, when you read it, and desire Monsieur Pelnote to shew you, in the maps, all the places you read of.

Adieu.

The same to the same; on Improvement in Learning.

Dear Boy,

I write to you now on the supposition that you continue to deserve my attention, as much as you did when I left London; and that Mr. Maittaire would commend you as much now, as he did the last time he was with me; for otherwise, you know very well, that I should not concern myself about you. Take care, therefore, that when I come to town, I may not find myself mistaken in the good opinion I entertained of you in my absence.

I hope you have got the linnets and bullfinches you so much wanted; and I recommend the bullfinches to your imitation. Bullfinches, you must know, have no natural note of their own, and never sing, unless taught; but will learn tunes better than any other birds. This they do by attention and
 memory;

memory; and you may observe, that, while they are taught, they listen with great care, and never jump about and kick their heels. Now I really think it would be a great shame for you to be out done by your own bullfinch.

I take it for granted, that, by your late care and attention, you are now perfect in Latin verses; and that you may at present be called, what Horace desired to be called, *Romanæ fidicen Lyra*. Your Greek too, I dare say, keeps pace with your Latin; and you have all your paradigms *ad unguem*.

You cannot imagine what alterations and improvements I expect to find every day, now that you are more than *Ostennis*, and at this age, *non progredi* would be *regredi*, which would be very shameful.

Adieu! do not write to me; for, I shall be in no settled place to receive letters, while I am in the country.

- *From the same to the same; on advancing in Years, and exalting his Views. Translated from the Latin in which the Earl wrote it.*

Philip Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope, yet a little Boy; but to-morrow going out of Childhood.

This is the last letter I shall write to you as a little boy; for to-morrow, if I am not mistaken, you will attain your ninth year; so that for the future, I shall treat you as a *youth*. You must now commence a different course of life, a different course of studies. No more levity: childish toys and playthings must be thrown aside, and your mind directed to serious objects. What was not unbecoming of a child, would be disgraceful to a youth.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, endeavour with all your might to shew a suitable change; and by learning, good-manners, politeness, and other accomplishments, to surpass those youths of your own age, whom hitherto you have surpassed when boys. Consider, I entreat you, how shameful it would be for you, should you let them get the better of you now. For instance, should Onslow now a Westminster scholar, lately your companion, and a youth of nine years old, as you are; should he, I say, deservedly obtain a place in school above you, what would you do? where would you run to hide yourself? you would certainly be glad to quit a place where you could not remain with honour. If, therefore, you have any regard for your own reputation, and a desire to please me, see that, by unremitting attention and labour, you may, with justice, be styled the head of your class. So may the Almighty preserve you, and bestow upon you his choicest blessings! I shall add, what Horace wishes for his Tibullus:

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde;
Et mundus victus, non deficiente Camenâ.

Of friendship, honor, health possess,
A table, elegantly plain,
And a poetic, easy vein.

FRANCIS.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Jane Langton, Daughter of
his intimate and dear Friend Bennet Langton,
Esq. then a very Young Lady.*

My dearest Miss Jenny,

I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long
without being answered; but when I am not well,
I do

I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book, and your needle; for they are all necessary: your books will give you knowledge and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic; and, above all, that through your whole life, you will carefully say your prayers, and read your bible.

I am, my dear,

Your most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Susannah Thrale; on Study, Religion, &c.

Dearest Miss Sufy,

When you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done or suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account;

count; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning, or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to your, &c.

The same to the same; on Gluttony.

London, July 26, 1783.

Dear Miss Susan,

I answer your letter last, because it was received last; and when I have answered it, I am out of debt to your house. A short negligence throws one behind hand. This maxim, if you consider and improve it, will be equivalent to your parson and bird, which is however a very good story, as it shews how far gluttony may proceed, which, where it prevails, is, I think more violent, and certainly more despicable than avarice itself.

Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

A friend of mine, who courted a lady, of whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat, and if she was voluptuous at table, to forsake her.

He

He married her however, and in a few weeks came to his adviser with this exclamation, "It is the disturbance of my life, to see this woman eat!" She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal, and after some years of discord they parted, and I believe came together no more.

Of men, the examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned and the witty world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment, with such contortions of delight as he exhibited, when he talked of eating the young ones.

When you do me the favour to write again, tell me something of your studies, your work, or your amusements.

I am, Madam, your, &c.

It would be easy, from the numerous productions in our language, to add many excellent epistles to the above, but it would exceed the bounds of a book of instruction, of this kind, to transcribe letters of advice on every possible topic; the intention of the book is, to shew in what manner they should be written, not to present letters for use on all occasions; the three following, however, are so much recommended by their general utility, and applicability, that no apology is necessary for their insertion.

Letter from William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, to his Son, giving him good Counsel.

THE writer of this sensible letter was Prime Minister and favourite of the unfortunate King Henry VI.
and

and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou; he was banished in consequence of the remonstrance of the House of Commons, suggesting, amongst other things, that he was accessory to the murder of the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; this letter was written just before his departure: he was taken by a pirate, and murdered at sea.

My dear and only well-beloved Son,

I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him, and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you, and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with his great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

And that, also weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And there as (*whenever*) any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him above all earthly things, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our alder most (*greatest*) high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother;

mother; and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you.

And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease.

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, who of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living; and that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise as after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they, may glorify him eternally amongst his angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand,

The day of my departing fro this land.

From

From Sir Henry Sydney to his Son Philip, then at School, under twelve Years of Age.

PHILIP SYDNEY, afterwards *Sir Philip*, to whom this letter was written, grew up one of the bravest and most accomplished men of his time, which abounded in wise and brave men; he died at an early age, in the year 1589, fighting in Flanders; and the story of his heroic self-denial, in giving, in his last moments, a cup of water which was offered him to a thirsty and wounded soldier, is well known. He was author of a mixed composition, partaking of the nature of the pastoral and the romance, called, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that, which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient

sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you.

Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost.

Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed.

Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will encrease your force, and enlarge your breath.

Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword.

Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it.

Let

Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself.

Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamedfacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness.

Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramped up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member.

Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.

Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labe generis*, one of the greatest curses than can happen to man.

Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

From

From the late Colonel Stedman to his Son, to be delivered after his Death.

THIS letter is taken from that valuable miscellany, *The European Magazine*; the composition is very affecting, and the sentiments just; that part where he recommends to his son an affectionate care of his mother-in-law, and half-brothers, is intitled to particular attention. The young gentleman himself died in Jamaica, at the age of seventeen.

My dear John,

As the last good I can do for you in this world, I now join to the trilles I leave you, these few lines, and which I beg of you often to read for my sake, who ever loved you so tenderly. Above all things fear God, as the Supreme Author of all good; love him in your soul, and be religious: but detest every tincture of hypocrisy.

Regard your neighbour, that is, all mankind, and of whatever nation, profession, or faith, while they are honest, and be ever so thyself; it is the best policy in the end, depend upon it.

Guard against idleness; it is the root of every misery, to which bad company gives the finishing stroke.

Love economy without avarice, and be ever thyself thy best friend.

Fly from the excelses of debauchery; they will rot thy body, while they are a canker in thy mind. To keep both sound, my dear, be never behind-hand with thy correspondent, with thy creditor, with thy daily occupations, or with thy conscience, and thy soul shall enjoy peace.

By using air, exercise, diet, and recreation, thy body shall possess health and vigour.

Dear

Dear John, should fortune frown (which depend upon it sometimes she will), then look round on thousands more wretched than thyself, and who, perhaps, did less deserve to be so, and be content. Contentment is better than fine gold.

With not for death, it is a sin; but scorn to fear it, and be prepared to meet it every hour, since come it must; while the good mind smiles at its sting, and defies its point.

Beware of passion and cruelty; but rejoice in being good-natured, not only to man, but to the meanest insect, that is, the whole creation without exception: detest to hurt them but for thy food or thy defence. To be cruel is the portion of the coward, while bravery and humanity go hand in hand, and please thy God.

Obeys with temper, and even pleasure, those set over thee; since without knowing how to be obedient, none ever knew how to command.

Now, my dear boy, love Mrs. Stedman and her little children from your heart, if ever you had a real love for your dead father, who requests it of you. She has most tenderly proved a help in thy infant state; and while thou art a brother to her helpless little ones, prove thyself also a parent and a guardian, by constant kindness, and a proper conduct. Let that good sense with which Heaven has been pleased to befriend thee, ever promote peace and harmony in my dear family; then shall the blessings of Almighty God overspread you and them, and we, together with your beloved mother, my dear Johanna, have a chance once more to meet, where, in the presence of our Heavenly Benefactor, our joy and happiness shall be eternal and complete; which is the ardent wish, the sincere prayer, and only hope of your once loving father, thy tender parent, who, my dear child, when

when you read this, shall be no more, and rests with an affectionate heart to all eternity,

Yours,

John Gabriel Stedman.

Henseley-house, near Tiverton, Devon.

Jan. 14, 1787.

P. S. Let not your grief for my decease overcome you; let your tears flow, my dear, with manly moderation, and trust that I am happy.

FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN brothers and sisters are obliged, by any circumstances, to live apart, they should be in the constant habit of corresponding together; it is one of the most advantageous modes of improving their epistolary talents, and keeping alive that affection which is most honorable and advantageous through life, and the defection of which is enumerated by the poet amongst the evils of the iron age.

From a young Gentleman at a Grammar School, to his Brother at a mercantile Academy.

Dear Brother,

I am pleased to have an opportunity of conveying a letter to you, as I am sure you will be to hear that I am as happy here as I can be at a distance from my parents, and a still greater from you. How often do I wish that fortune, and the views of our friends, had permitted us to continue as we began our journey through life, hand-in-hand; I often wish

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that

that the arrangement, by which I am to be educated for a learned profession, and you instructed in the necessary attainments to assist my father in his business, could have been so modified, that we might have drank the pure stream of classical knowledge at the same fountain, or tasted, together, the less sparkling beverage of commercial science. But I wish what would be ultimately injurious to both; and the warmth of my imagination has led me to the use of a metaphor, which may, perhaps, make you smile, and think I am growing pedantic.

I long for the coming of the holidays on no account more than to meet you again, to revisit our old haunts, to see our old friends, to talk over old stories, and compare notes on our more recent adventures. I feel, if possible, more attachment for you than I did before our separation; and, notwithstanding the difference of our destinations in life, assure you I have no idea of pleasure, or hope of advantage, in which I do not wish you a joint partaker with

Your affectionate Brother, and sincere Friend.

From a young Lady to her Brother on Cruelty to Animals.

Dear Brother,

It has given me much pain to learn, that the act of cruelty which had so nearly deprived me of my favorite little dog was planned and executed by you; I write to you on this subject while under the same roof with you, because I would not wish, by mentioning it to you, face to face, to assume the air of a superior, either in understanding or judgment, and still less to risque inducing you to prevaricate, or perhaps deny what I know, from certain information,

mation, to be a fact. I could not think of exposing to my papa and mamma an act which, I hope, proceeded from thoughtlessness alone, or of waiting till you were gone to school before I expressed to you my sentiments on the subject.

I am the more astonished at your being guilty of such an act, because I know you to be naturally tender-hearted and humane, and that poor *Fidelle* used to be a great favorite of yours, she used to share your meals, accompany you in your excursions, and sleep by your side; I remember the time when you would have resented, with great earnestness, any injury done to the poor little thing, and am astonished you could so have hardened your heart against her pleading looks, and innocent endearments, as to have hurt her in the smallest degree: such an act could not have proceeded from deliberate malice, but must have originated in a mistaken notion of what is called *fun*. I do not know the exact meaning of the word, but if it combines the idea of mischief and wanton cruelty, I hope you will not soon again be in a *funny* humour.

You remember those prints of Hogarth which hang in my uncle's study, at C. where the progress of cruelty is traced from the tormenting of cats, dogs, and other harmless animals, through all its varieties, till the perpetrator arrives at the horrid pitch of murdering a fellow-creature. You may think your station in life, and superior education, will exempt you from the like atrocious acts, but the same path leads to the same end, by whomsoever trod; and when we read Dr. Moore's very entertaining novel of *Zeluco* together, you perfectly agreed with me how natural and affecting an instance of gradual depravation it was, that the person who, when a boy, in a fit of ill humour, squeezed to death a harmless sparrow, should, when a man, perpetrate the like cruelty on his own child.

I forbear, my dear brother, to enlarge on this unwelcome subject, because I know you have in your Polite Preceptor, a paper from the Guardian, where it is treated in a very elegant and striking manner; if in the haste or carelessness of a first reading, you have permitted its beauties to escape you, pray peruse it again, and let the sentiments it contains be engraved on your memory. I hope you will receive this, as it is really meant, as a testimony of my esteem, and wishes for your future welfare; I am anxious to know the impression my observations make on you, if it be such as I wish, attended with a resolution to refrain from such acts in future, and an unbated friendship for me, I shall be obliged to you when next we meet to convey to me the slightest hint to that effect, which will add much to the happiness of

Your most affectionate Sister.

To shew that the greatest talents are perfectly consistent with this exertion of humanity, which relates to the comfort and safety of the brute creation, the following letter is inserted, in which the brightest wit, and most tender sensibility go hand in hand.

Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq. on Dogs.

The elegant Poet who wrote this letter, is one of the most conspicuous names in English literature, he perfected the harmony of English versification, and by his Translation of Homer, and original compositions, left a proof how far the melody and force of his mother tongue could be carried. He was born in 1688, and having finished the course of an honorable life, beloved and befriended by men of the greatest quality, virtue, and talents, died in 1744.

I may

Oct. 19, 1709.

I may truly say I am more obliged to you, this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*: which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself; as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surpris'd at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation must have lost in him as much wit and probity as would have remained (for ought I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honor him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible a one; and if

I were to change my dog for such a man as the afore-said, I should think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeness that begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions or inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable books, sacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer), have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked
for

for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she dy'd: may the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors). You shall have it in verse.

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his Queen, unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs;
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord; look'd up, and died!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave, to that part of the island where he was buried. This

respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story which he heard from one that was present. King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, &c.

From a Young Lady to her Sister, who had expressed some Jealousy at being sent to School, while she remained at Home.

My dear Maria,

The concern I felt at the expression used by you, at leaving home, that you feared my being so constantly with my mamma, would procure me the greatest share in her affection, and cause you to be supplanted, has been so great, that I have lost no time to efface from
your

your mind an idea which, if long entertained, will not only be extremely painful to you, but weaken your affection for the best of parents, and a sister who loves you with the sincerest warmth.

I hope you have more confidence in the tenderness of our honored parent, than to imagine that absence can estrange her from you, and think too well of her justice to believe that any thing but a want of merit, of which I trust you will never be accused, can lessen you in her esteem. For myself, I hope my conduct has always been such as to convince you, that, far from using those little arts which unjust and selfish persons are apt to practise to the injury of the absent, I shall omit no opportunity to promote your wishes, extol your merits, and shew myself sincerely your friend.

Believe me, my dearest sister, I look forward, with joyous anticipation, to that time when the holidays will bring you back again to us, when our dear mamma shall see all your improvements with the eye of maternal delight, and my humble duty, though not despised, be thrown, for a time, into the back-ground: in a word, you cannot long more anxiously than I do for the return of the time which restores you to home, and

Your affectionate Sister.

LETTERS ON IMPROVEMENT IN LEARNING, OF
APPROBATION FROM PARENTS, &c. PREVIOUS
TO LEAVING SCHOOL.

It is customary when the term of education is nearly complete, and the future destination of youth fixed on by their parents or guardians to send a state-

ment of the progress made in the various branches of study, and, more particularly, those which are like to be most useful in the line of life elected for them. The making of these statements is a point of great delicacy; the writer must, by all means, avoid the in-
 nicety of boasting, or the ostentatious display of his acquirements; he had better leave something to be discovered by time, than by shewing the utmost he possesses, lose the advantage, and credit he will derive from shewing a superior claim to applause, both from his talents and moderation; but this principle must not be suffered to prevail so far, as by a wilful depreciation or concealment of knowledge to damp the ardor of paternal hope, or check the flow of intended kindness. The exact medium must be discovered and preserved.

From a Young Gentleman, designed for a Mercantile Life, to his Father.

Honored Sir,

Your command that I should state to you exactly what my improvements are, that you may be enabled to speak to Messrs. R. and Co. in my behalf, shall be instantly obeyed, but permit me first to indulge an expression of gratitude for that kindness which has so liberally furnished me with the means of knowledge, and now so benevolently provides for the advantageous exertion of it.

As you were so good some years ago to communicate your intention of placing me in a counting-house, I have turned my attention chiefly to the attainment of such knowledge as might, by fitting me for that situation, evince, at once, my entire satisfaction in your choice, and solicitude to render myself worthy of your kindness and recommendation.

I write this with great care, that you may be en-

abled to judge of my penmanship, my chief desire has been to acquire a plain, handsome, and expeditious hand. I am well versed in the common rules of arithmetic, and understand the principles, as well as the practice of fractions both vulgar and decimal, the elements of algebra are familiar to me, and I understand the most expeditious and correct rules for the calculation of interest, discount, brokerage, loss and gain, and the ordinary transactions of merchants. I have studied book keeping, in the Italian method, near a year, and flatter myself I shall be found ready and correct in all the various entries.

I understand French, as I am told, very well, however, that you may judge in that particular, on more sure grounds than report, I have annexed a translation of this letter, made by myself, without assistance or correction. Such, honored Sir, is the state of my present improvement, I present the account with diffidence, but permit me to assure you, that whatever may be my present deficiencies, I possess that sincere inclination to profit by your good advice, and render myself worthy of your favour, which will impel me to lose no opportunity which may hereafter present itself of increasing my knowledge, and extending my utility.

I am, honored Sir,

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son.

From a Young Gentleman, intended to be articled to an Attorney, to his Father.

Honored Sir,

In compliance with your desire, I take this mode of informing you of the state of my acquirements since your goodness placed me here. I have made considerable progress in the Latin, and read the classics in

that language with ease and delight. I know something of Greek, but considering that not of immediate use, forbear to say much on the subject. I can write and converse in French, with fluency and a moderate share of correctness, and have read in that language M. le president Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws; and the translation of Beccaria's Essay on Crimes and Punishments.

I will not display every little accomplishment your goodness has enabled me to attain, but assure you of my sincere gratitude for the past as well as the intended kindness. One thing I must not omit to mention, it is that I have constantly endeavoured to acquire and preserve such a sense of right, and love of propriety as will guard me from converting the knowledge of the law into a scourge of my fellow creatures. I should think myself unworthy of your affection, if I ever lost sight of your example, so far as to act in a way which might make you regret the expence and affection which you have bestowed on me, or feel shame or disgust at my subscribing myself,

Your most affectionate Son.

From a Young Lady to her Aunt, previous to leaving School.

Honored Madam,

I have just received your affectionate letter, mentioning your intention that I should leave school at the next holidays, and reside with you at Bath. Accept first my sincere thanks for the liberality with which you have supplied me, with all the means of accomplishment, suited to a young lady who is to make her appearance in the *beau monde*, and permit me to inform you of the advantage I have derived from your indulgence.

I am

I am allowed to be perfect mistress of French, and speak Italian with ease and correctness; I have read the best authors in both those languages, and have, by the care of my teachers, attained a judgment of, and taste for their beauties. I am reckoned an elegant dancer, and tolerable performer on the Piano Forte; I do not pique myself on having a good voice, but am able to accompany my own performance on the instrument, with correctness, and some little execution. I send this by the coach, and have inclosed with it a specimen, which will enable you to judge of my proficiency in drawing and painting.

I do not enumerate these accomplishments out of vanity or ostentation, but that my dear Aunt may see at one view how largely I am her debtor, and that she may know on what a fund of obligation she may draw for duty, gratitude, and affection.

Oppressed with this load of favors, I am not ashamed to make another application to the kindness of my affectionate friend; Miss M——, one of our half boarders, who has been very much attached to me ever since my coming here, is desirous to go to Bath, and remain with me as my companion; she is accomplished, amiable, meritorious, and genteelly born, but her family are reduced by unavoidable misfortune; will you, my dear Aunt, permit me to make this young lady happy by an assurance, in your name, that your house shall be her home, and that she shall be gratified in the wish her affection for me has prompted; believe me, that in so doing you will not confer greater pleasure on her than on

Your much obliged,
and truly affectionate Niece.

From

From a Young Gentleman to his Father in Jamaica.

Honored Sir,

Permit me to return you my hearty thanks for the kindness expressed in your last letter, wherein you require me to come to you, and for the liberality of your orders to Messrs. M. for my equipment. I feel inexpressible pleasure in the idea of approaching a parent from whom I have been so long divided, and with whom I am hardly acquainted, except by the interesting recollections of infancy, and the sense of reiterated bounty.

That the *presentiments* of paternal affection may not extend so far as to cause you to feel disappointment when you see your son, I will, as exactly as I can, describe my person and progress, from which, by the help of the inclosed miniature, you may form a correct idea of the youth who is proud to owe his birth to you, and whom you have bound by innumerable kindnesses.

I am just five feet and one inch high, not fat, but muscular, and, as far as I can judge by the comparison between myself and my school-fellows, strong and active. I dance, ride, fence, and perform the military exercise to the satisfaction of my masters, and am flattered by my friends with the compliment of possessing the exterior of a gentleman.

The more solid parts of my education have not been neglected; indeed, to have remained so many years with the worthy Mr. R. and have made no improvement, would have been next to impossible, had I been most remarkably dull. I am, for my age, a tolerable master of the Greek and Latin languages, and the French, Italian, and German are easy to me. I am a pretty good logician, and understand the mathematics, natural philosophy, and geography,

graphy; I have made some progress in the *Belles Lettres*, and have a great attachment to history and poetry. Several other lighter studies have occupied my leisure hours, and I feel the highest obligation to your liberality, which has given me the greatest claims to esteem and respectability, which a youth of my age can possess, and assure you that whatever applause I may be honored with, in the course of my passage through life, I shall feel no pride or satisfaction to transcend that sentiment which animates me while I subscribe myself, honored Sir,

Your much obliged, dutiful,
and truly affectionate Son.

THE loss of any part of that time which nature and custom have allotted to the attainment of the rudiments of knowledge, is at once unpardonable and irretrievable. The mind is capable of great exertions, and the good will of the pupil must earnestly second, if not precede the efforts of the tutor. Mr. Pope, though labouring under many disadvantages of education and health, had, by his own praise-worthy perseverance and assiduity, so extended the powers of his mind, that at sixteen he had produced some of the most admired of his works, and by his merit intitled himself to an intimate correspondence, with the greatest wits and most eminent characters of the age. The following letter from him in his seventeenth year, to Mr. Wycherley, a very witty dramatic poet, in general estimation, then seventy, will shew the extent of influence his abilities procured him, and by the correctness and wit of his letter, the pains he had taken to form and improve his style.

Mr.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

June 23, 1705.

I should believe myself happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me so much in a style of compliment. It hath been observed of women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way: but the weakest women are not more weak than that class of men who are thought to pique themselves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overstocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times when most people are in a disposition of being informed; and it is incredible what a vast good a little truth might do, spoken in such seasons. A small alms will do a great kindness to people in extreme necessity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make those the subject of a letter, it might be as long as I could with your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleased to say) in writing to me, since you have always chosen the task of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verses, which you praise so much, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this vice;

as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, it is you will make me so by complimenting me into a better opinion of myself than I deserve: they made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you assure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? you said ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possessed a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings, is like the proceeding with poor Saneho Pancau they persuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greatest obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can; so when those incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-mused, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourself, for several weighty reasons; but for none so much as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more than is consistent with the small though utmost capacity of, &c.

THE account given in the following letter from Mr. Molineux, a gentleman in Ireland, to the great philosopher, Mr. Locke, author of the Essay on Human

Human Understanding, a Treatise on Education, and many other religious, moral, and philosophical tracts, ought to excite emulation in every young mind to make equal attainments.

Mr. Molineux to Mr. Locke.

Dublin, August 24, 1695.

Sir,

I have already so much experience of your method of education, that I long to see your third edition. And since you put me upon it (to whom I can refuse nothing in my power), I will give you a short account of my little boy's progress under it.

He was six years old about the middle of last July. When he was but just turned five, he could read perfectly well; and on the globes could have traced out, and pointed at all the noted parts, countries, and cities of the world, both land and sea: and by five and an half, could perform many of the plainest problems on the globe; as the longitude and latitude, the Antipodes, the time with them and other countries, &c. and this by way of play and diversion, seldom called to it, never chid or beaten for it. About the same age he could read any number of figures, not exceeding six places, break it as you please by cyphers, or zeros. By the time he was six, he could manage a compass, ruler, and pencil, very prettily, and perform many geometrical tricks, and advanced to writing and arithmetic; and has been about three months at Latin, wherein his tutor observes, as nigh as he can, the method prescribed by you. He can read a Gazette, and in the large maps of Sanfon, shews most of the remarkable places as he goes along, and turns to the proper maps. He has been shewn some dogs dissected, and can give some little account of the grand traces of anatomy. And as to the formation of his

his mind, which you rightly observe to be the most valuable part of education, I do not believe that any child had ever his passions more perfectly at command. He is obedient and observant to the nicest particular, and at the same time sprightly, playful, and active.

But I will say no more; this may be tiresome to others, however pleasing to myself.

No effect of juvenile improvement is more interesting and gratifying than the applause of parents and discerning friends, and young persons who are happy enough to receive them, should prize them very highly, even if they happen, as in the following instance, to be marked with a doubt; that doubt, if ill founded, is the most honorable testimony of the youth's proficiency.

Lord Chesterfield to his Son, (written in Latin.)

Your last letter afforded me very great satisfaction, both as it was elegantly penned, and because you promise in it, to take great pains, to attain deservedly, true praise. But I must tell you ingenuously, that I suspect very much your having had, in composing it, the assistance of a good and able master; under whose conduct and instruction it will be your own fault if you do not acquire elegance of style, learning, and, in short, every thing else, becoming a wise and virtuous person. I earnestly entreat you, therefore, to imitate carefully so good a pattern; and the more attention and regard you shew for him, the more I shall think you love and respect me.

I shall continue here a fortnight longer, drinking these waters, before I return to town; let me then find you sensibly improved in your learning. You must

must summon greater resolution and diligence. I shall bring you presents from hence, which you shall receive as rewards of your application and industry, provided I find you deserving of them; if otherwise, expect reproof and chastisement for your sloth. Farewell.

BUT however desireable, and flattering it may be to be the object of praise and admiration, the greatest care must be taken lest an inordinate desire of it should expose you to the charge of affectation. The following letter, on this subject, written by Sir Richard Steele, contains sentiments just, forcible, and universally applicable.

Dear Sir,

I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment; he that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than praise worthy, condemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than, Sir,

Your humble servant.

I SHALL

I SHALL conclude this division of letters with the three following, extracted from the Spectator, the first is written by Mr. Eustace Budgell, the two latter by Sir Richard Steele.

On the comparative Advantages of public and private Education.

Sir,

I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor is to be preferred?"

As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

A private education promises in the first place virtue and good-breeding; a public school manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of Education, confesses that there are inconveniencies to be feared on both sides, "If, says he, I keep my son at home,

home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be attained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved, by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osburn, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

In short a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public

public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

It must however be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure: and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was quite of another temper; and a boy, who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad of this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid: and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults, by doing any of these
elegant

elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

I shall give you under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school, from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain: the severity of the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military: the first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Grove in the west. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned

at

at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit: the trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster-scholar? by the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

The gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.

ON the general contents of this letter I make no comment; its excellent sense will recommend it; but, since the time it was written, a great alteration has taken place in, what the author calls, the little seminaries. It would be hardly too much to say that all schools are now kept by men of virtue, talents, and politeness, and that liberality goes hand in hand with judgment in the provision of proper tutors, and masters of every kind. The anecdote which concludes the letter is a fact; the generous and resolute youth was Colonel Wake, father of Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln; the timid lad was Mr. afterwards Judge Nicholas.

THE two following letters describe, with great vivacity, school-masters of tempers diametrically opposite, the characters are genuine; that described in the first, was Dr. Charles Roderick, master of Eton school, afterwards of King's College, Cambridge; the gentleman alluded to in the second, was Dr. Nicholas Brady, who made the New Version of the Psalms of David.

Description of a cruel School-master.

Sir,

I send you this to congratulate your late choice of a subject, for treating on which you deserve public thanks; I mean that on those licenced tyrants the school-masters. If you can disarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age revered by all the young gentlemen of Great Britain, who are now between seven and seventeen years. You may boast that the incomparably wise Quintilian and you are of one mind in this particular: "*Si cui est, says he, mens tam illiberalis ut oburgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quæque mancipia durabitur;*" &c. "If any child be of so disingenuous a nature as not to stand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worst of slaves, will be hardened even against blows themselves." And afterwards, "*Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutuntur;*" &c. "I blush to say how shamefully those wicked men abuse the power of correction."

I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great school, of which the master was a Welchman; but certainly descended from a Spanish family, as plainly appeared from his temper as well as his name. I leave you to judge what a sort of a schoolmaster a Welchman ingrafted on a Spaniard would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that although it is above

twenty years since I felt his heavy hand, yet still once a month at least I dream of him: so strong an impression did he make on my mind. It is a sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say without vanity, that the business of the school was what I did without great difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the master's severity, that once a month, or oftener, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the law of the land for a petty larceny.

Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and half out of a gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O; these were our great faults! many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the lists against so many armed pedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor, for coming upon such hard terms to them: what would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it. I am, with the utmost sincerity,

Sir,

Your most affectionate
humble servant.

Description of an amiable Schoolmaster.

Sir,

I am a boy of fourteen years of age, and have for this last year been under the tuition of a doctor of divinity, who has taken the school of this place under his care. From the gentleman's great tenderness to me and friendship to my father, I am very happy in learning my book with pleasure. We never leave off our diversions any further than to salute him at hours of play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh word; and we think it the greatest punishment in the world when he will not speak to any of us. My brother and I are both together inditing this letter. he is a year older than I am, but is now ready to break his heart that the doctor has not taken any notice of him these three days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my brother's earnest desire to be restored to his favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient servant.

CHAPTER III.

YOUTH.

LETTERS ON RELIGION, MORALITY, &c.

HAVING thus disposed of most of the topics which arise out of the first stage of the journey through life, I proceed to the next, that which requires the most assiduous care on the part of the traveller, as his powers of action are so much extended, and his share of discretion, for want of experience, so very small, that the strictest self-examination, and most rigorous self-denial, are necessary, to prevent the subjugation of the mind to vice and folly.

The best preservative against these destructive intruders, is a sincere and zealous attachment to, and unremitting performance of your duties to your Creator; the voice of nature, the daily lessons the instability of human life and prosperity afford, exclaim audibly to the reflecting observer, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Mr. Pope, that great genius, whom we have already mentioned, in his earliest youth, though capable of the most elegant flights of gallantry, raised the reputation of his muse by the praise of his Creator; religious subjects had his first and warmest affection; and at a very early age he had produced that beautiful Paraphrase of the Prophet Isaiah, beginning "Ye nymphs of Solyma." How sensible he was of the uncertainty, and comparative nothingness of life, appears in this letter, written by him to Mr. afterwards Sir Richard Steele.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele,

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gender and smoother manner than age; it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more openly and fairly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full

full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed, in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and merry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of wisdom), passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." &c.

I am, your, &c.

How valuable to such a mind, inflamed with the purest piety, and an ardor for poetic fame, must have been the following letter, of sensible praise, and judicious criticism, from Steele.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

June 1, 1712.

I am at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The fondest wishes to the coldest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

O thou my voice inspire,

Who touch'd Isarah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—*Hark a glad voice—and—The lamb with wolves shall graze.*
I here

There is but one line which I think is below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio.

I am, your, &c.

IN a work of this kind, where the introduction of particular topics depends chiefly on their coming conveniently into an epistolary form, regular treatises are not to be expected; indeed there are so many excellent books, on almost every subject, religious as well as moral, that to invade the province occupied by them, would be, in fact, to depreciate instead of enhancing the value of this work, for as I cannot go into every subject at the length it deserves; to attempt and then relinquish them, would be merely to excite without gratifying curiosity: but as all the letters I have selected are favorable to the interests of religion and virtue, as well as good specimens of style, I insert them under their respective heads, without affecting to embody them in a more regular way than their desultory nature will bear.

On the Observance of the Lord's Day, written by Sir Matthew Hale, who was made Chief Justice of England in 1671, to his Sons.

I am now come well to ———, from whence I intend to write something to you on the observance

of the Lord's day: and this I do for these reasons; 1st. Because it has pleased God to cast my lot so, that I am to rest at this place on that day, and the consideration therefore of that duty is proper for me and you, viz. the work fit for that day: 2dly. Because I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of that day, and the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me, and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it us, and it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him; for I have found, by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observance of the duty of this day has ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time, and the week that has been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other side, when I have been negligent of the duty of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employment; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following, by the manner of my passing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience.

Young people, at the time of life which forms the period intended to be the limit of this chapter, are apt to contract the sinful and indecorous habit of profane cursing and swearing; some think it manly, and some fall into it from imitation, and remain in it from indolence, and want of consideration: it is a most profligate waste of the soul's health, neither a grace to oratory, or an evidence of sense or breeding; but on the contrary, supposing the words used innoxious, which is far from being the case, they possess the common fault of expletives, that of embarrassing the

the delivery; a frequent repetition of any set of words is a convincing mark of want of sense, and the practice of swearing is considered a badge of low company, and habits of life not elevated above the tap-room or dog-kennel.

James Howell to Capt. B. on profane Swearing.*

Noble Captain,

1st August, 1628.

Yours, of the 1st of March was delivered me by Sir Richard Scott, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all church duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I confess in an unusual monitory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well, I love both your person and parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous act in your life; nor is this love of mine conferred upon you *gratis*, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me that you take me for a true friend. Now I am of the number of those that had rather commend the virtue of an enemy, than sooth the vices of a friend; for your own particular, if your parts of virtue and your

* A writer of great wit, and extensive knowledge, liberally educated, and finished by travel, born 1598, died 1666. His principal works are, *Dodona's Grove*, or *The Focal Forest*; and a collection of familiar letters on philosophical, historical, and moral subjects, called *Epistolæ Howellianæ*; from which this and other letters of his in this work are taken.

infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the other; yet give me leave to tell you, that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favoured custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much; it is a humour of swearing in all your discourses; and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetched oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of rhetoric to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more: and you use this in cold blood when you are not provoked, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking accident, or extreme ill fortune at play, will let fall oaths and deep protestations: but to belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole volleys of oaths and curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a King, that being crossed in his game, would among his oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion; I heard of another King (Henry IV. of France) that in his highest distemper would swear by *ventre de St. Gris*, by the belly of St. Gris. I heard of an Italian, that having been much accustomed to blaspheme, was weaned from it by a pretty wile; for having been one night at play, and lost all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven, and defy God, he threw himself upon a bed hard by, and there fell asleep: the other gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the candles, and made semblance to play on still; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awakened: he hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him

him for his blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: a ghostly father was sent for, who undertook to do some acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again, or blaspheme; which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while: so he became a perfect convert. I could wish this letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong text, that the curse of heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the swearer; and you have more fearful examples of miraculous judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

thus went the tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady Southwell's news from Utopia, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infamous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately more than any where else; though the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Welshman, the Irishman, and the Scot, in the highest puffs of passion, swear and execrate dreadfully, yet for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful name which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble, that holy name wherein the whole hierarchy of heaven doth triumph, that blefsful name wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light disposition, it is no habit I hope; let me therefore conjure you, by that power of friendship, by that holy league of love which is between us, that

† Here follows a narrative of a Romish miracle; but as the relation is extremely profane, and the arguments of truth are not to be enforced by the inventions of imposture, I have omitted it.

you

you would suppress it before it come to that; for I must tell you, that those who could find in their hearts to love you for many other things, do disrespect you for this; they hate your company, and give no credit to whatever you say, it being one of the punishments of a swearer, as well as of a liar, not to be believed when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you; what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure affection; and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many; for my body is but a cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees: like Sertorius's soldier, who when he could not cut off the horse-tail with his sword at one blow, fell to pull out the hairs one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I dissuade you, it hath ragged me too often by contingent fits; but, I thank God for it, I find it much abated and purged. Now the only physic I used was a precedent fast, and recourse to the holy sacrament the next day, of purpose to implore pardon for what had passed, and power for the future to quell those exorbitant motions, those ravings and feverish fits of the soul, in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous; for at the same instant they have being, they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of amendment I find in me is, because whenever I hear the holy name of God blasphemed by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my breast. Now it is a penitential rule, "That if sins present do not please thee, sins past will not hurt thee." All other sins have their object, either pleasure or profit, or some aim and satisfaction to body or mind; but this hath none at all: therefore fye upon it, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a conquest of yourself, in subduing this execrable

crable custom. Alexander subdued the world, Caesar his enemies, Hercules monsters; but he that overcomes himself is the true valliant Captain.

All your friends here are well, Tom Young excepted, who I fear hath not long to live among us. So I rest your true friend.

~~THE following whimsical letter is taken from the Spectator; it is the production of Mr. Addison, one of the chief contributors to that excellent work, a gentleman who, by the exertion of abilities, raised himself to the eminent situation of Secretary of State: his style is such, that Dr. Johnson, in general a severe critic, says of it, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his day and nights to the volumes of Addison. He died in 1719. Of the contents of the letter I shall only say, that I wish every lover of practical wit could produce as good an instance of the utility of his efforts.~~

Letter, describing the Manner in which a Set of profane Swearers were cured of that abominable Practice.

Sir,

You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called Whims and Humourists; than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

Among those innumerable sets of Whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment

tertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example: One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins (a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished) he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good-humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one

of

of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that, though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse; as, *d'ye hear me, d'ye see, that is, and so Sir*. Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking

with

with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favorite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an *amanuensis* in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another! Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them, that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour's sake would read it them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it; which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of story tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who

were

were infected with this strange malady. The first day, one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day, a North-Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The third day was ingrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

To shew of how little avail is the possession of illustrious birth and splendid talents towards securing happiness or respect, if the person endowed with them wants the finish which virtue gives to the character, I shall instance the late Lord Lyttleton, who, with a genius which would have advanced and enabled him to do honor to the most exalted situations in the state, with every advantage of birth and talents, squandered away his prime in profligate pursuits, and died young, in a state of anticipated debility, without having rendered mankind wiser or better for his having lived among them. I instance this noble peer, because he had a sense of honor which kept him above degrading his family, and was universally acknowledged a perfect model of politeness, and all his faults arose from a want of prudence, and a mind duly impressed with the necessity of his religious

religious duties. The following letters were written before the death of his father, and exhibit a tremendous picture of a young man whose conversation was thought derogatory to the character of a woman of honor.

*Lord Eytleton to * * * * **

I avail myself, Madam, of the very obliging offer you made me of suffering a small parcel to occupy an useless pocket in your coach. It is of some little importance; but if the Custom-house officers at Dover should suspect you of being a smuggler of lace, as you certainly are of other and better things, and insist upon examining its contents, I beg you will indulge their curiosity without ceremony. On your arrival in London, when any of your servants should be unemployed, I must desire the additional favour of its being sent to the place where it is addressed.

I feel myself extremely mortified that a cold, which forbids me to utter any thing more than a whisper, should have prevented me from offering you my personal wishes for your health and happiness, an agreeable journey, and a safe arrival in England, where your friends will feel a delight in seeing you, which can be only equalled by their regret whom you have left behind. Among the number of them I am not the least sincere; and though I found your gates very seldom open for me, I am truly grateful to you for the pleasure I received whenever you indulged me with the honour of an admittance.

Perhaps your caution, in this particular, proceeded from an ill opinion of me; you might consider me as a person too dangerous to break with openly, or too intruding to trust with familiarity: if so, you have done me wrong, and, what is more, you have
done

done injustice to yourself. There is a dignity in virtue like yours, which commands respect from all; and the worst of men would be overawed in his approaches to it. Perhaps, madam, there was also a little compassion mingled with your reserve: you must be conscious of your charms, but possessed of an heart which would find no glory in coquettish triumphs, you did not suffer me to approach you, lest I should be scorched by the beams of that beauty which is sufficient to inflame all, and which you preserve for one. If such humane considerations governed the orders which were given to your *Swiss*, it becomes me to express my grateful sense of your kindness; but if you acted from motives not so favourable to me, I must lament, as a tenfold misfortune, that you should add another thong to the scourge of injustice.

I believe, in my heart, that your society, and such as I should have met with you, would have been of great use and benefit to me; and that in being so sparing of your welcomes, you omitted doing a great good. The very business of this letter has made a gloomy mind less gloomy; and if I had half a dozen letters to write to half a dozen persons like yourself, if so many could be found in the world, it would make this day, in spite of every unpleasant indisposition, one of the happiest and best of my life.

During the future part of it, what of good or honor is destined for me I cannot tell; but I shall ever consider it as a very great and most flattering privilege whenever you will permit me, in any manner, to assure you with what real respect,
I am, &c. &c.

Lord

*Lord Lyttleton to a Friend, describing the Behaviour
of the Lady to whom he addressed the above.*

Of all the birds in the air, who should have been here but ———; I met her in the ———, when she could not well avoid me, though I saw in her looks a wish to do it. She received me, therefore, with great politeness; conversed with much ease and vivacity during the walk; and when I requested permission to wait on her, she granted it in that sort of manner which told me, in as strong terms as looks could give, "You are very imprudent to risque such a request; but as an absolute refusal might raise conjectures in those about us unfavourable to you, I will not answer you with a denial, and my gates shall not always be shut against you: but you will do well to proportion your visits to what you may naturally conceive to be my desire." And she has kept her word: during six weeks that she was here, I called ten times, and was admitted only thrice, when there was a great deal of company. This is a very superior woman; for while she conducts herself in such a manner to me, as to tell me plainly that the respect she has for my family is the only inducement to give me the reception she does, there is not a single look suffered to escape her from which any person might form the most distant suspicion of her sentiments concerning me. It is my blab of a conscience that does the business for me; it is that keen-sighted lynx, which sees things impervious to every other eye: and thus I expose myself to myself, when I appear without spot or blemish to the circle around me.

——— is a very fine woman, a very sensible woman, and, what is more rare, a very rational woman. The three qualities of beauty, talents, and wisdom, which are generally supposed to be incompatible

patible in the same female character, are, however, united in her. There is another circumstance which, though a rake, I cannot but admire, and which the most dissolute respect in others, though they are strangers to it themselves; I mean constancy. From the united principles of duty and affection she is faithful to her husband, who, to say the truth, highly deserves it. Such a woman is capable of making the bad good, the inconstant stable, and the giddy wife; and he, who would wish to see what is most perfect and respectable in the female character, would do well to make a pilgrimage to see and converse with her. I was so very much affected with a cold, as not to be able to go and hand her to the coach on her departure; which was a circumstance still more afflicting than the cold; so I comforted myself by writing her a letter, which was half serious, more than half gallant, and almost sincere.

If you could, by any means, discover, and I should think it would be in your power to do it without much trouble, whether she has at any time mentioned it, and, if so, in what manner she expressed herself, you would very sensibly gratify the curiosity of

Your affectionate, &c.

The following letter by the same noble author, conveys a just picture of the severe self condemnation a man must feel, whose irregularities expose him to the censure of the wife, and make the virtuous afraid of his company.

*Lord Lyttelton to ******

It is so long since I received your letter, that I am almost ashamed to answer it; and be assured, that

in

in writing my apology, and asking your pardon, I act with a degree of resolution that I have seldom experienced. I hardly expect that you will receive the one or grant the other: I do not deserve either, or indeed any kindness from you of any sort; for I have been very ungrateful. I am myself very sensible of it, and very much apprehend that you will be of the same opinion; I was never more conscious of my follies than at this moment: and if you should have withdrawn yourself from the very few friends which are left me, I shall not dare to complain; for I deserve the loss, and can only lament that another and a deeper shade will be added to my life. The very idea of such a misfortune is most grievous; and nothing can be more painful than the reflection of suffering it from a fatal, ill-starred, and abortive infatuation which will prove my bane. I have written letters, since I received yours, to many who have never done me any kindness; to some who have betrayed me; and to others whose correspondence administered no one comfort to my heart; or honor to my character; and for them, at least engaged with them, I have neglected you, to whose disinterested friendship I am so much indebted, and which is now become the only point whereon to fix my anchor of hope.

But this is not all: if it were, I have something within me which would whisper your forgiveness; for you know of what frail materials I am made, and have ventured, in the face of the world's malice, to prognosticate favorably of my riper life. But I fear you will think meanness added to ingratitude, when I tell you, that I am called back to acknowledge your past goodness to me, and to ask a repetition of it, not from any renewed sentiments of honor or gratitude, but by immediate and wringing distress. In such a situation your idea presented itself to me; an idea which was not encouraged in seasons of enjoyment: it never wished to share my pleasure, but, like the first born of friendship,

friendship, it hastened to partake my pain. Though it came in so lovely a form I dared not bid it welcome; and started as at the sight of one whom I had severely injured, whose neglect, contempt, and revenge, I might justly dread; while I did not possess the least means of resistance, nor had a covert left where I might fly for refuge!

This is a very painful confession, and will I hope, plead my cause in your bosom, and win you to grant my request. I have written to ——— for some time past, and have never been favored with one line in reply. Indeed, it has been hinted, that he refuses to read my letters. However that may be, he certainly does not answer them. In order therefore that I may know my fate, and be certain of my doom, I most earnestly and submissively intreat you to deliver the enclosed letter into his hands. If I should be deserted by you both, the consequence may be of such a nature, as, in the most angry paroxysm, you would neither of you, wish to

Your most obliged, &c.

FILIAL DUTY, AND AFFECTION.

THOUGH a section of a former chapter was devoted to this topic, yet it is in its nature so interesting, and at the time of life which is the object of this chapter, so rarely found, that I cannot think I expose myself to the censure of an unnecessary repetition in adverting to it again.

In saying that filial piety is rarely found in the time of life I allude to, namely the term which elapses between the completion of the fifteenth or sixteenth year, and the twenty-first or twenty-second, I do not mean to

stigmatize that æra of life as the age of ingratitude or insensibility. It is marked by the contrary qualities in a very great degree, but there are many operative causes which produce this terrible effect, and against which youth cannot be too warmly or frequently cautioned.

In the first place, the time of life, when knowledge newly acquired, ferments the mind, and when, for want of experience, reason does not interpose to allay the heat, is subject to a captiousness and positiveness in dispute, an impatience of contradiction, and want of reverence to seniority, which are extremely grating to parents; and the warmth of the passions leading youth to expect immoderate concessions, and to demand large allowances, agrees very ill with the sedateness of those, who, looking back a very few years only remember the abject weakness, and miserable ignorance in which the very persons were who now affect to be tutors, and give lectures, not only on speculative points, but on the most important concerns of life.

In the next place, the young man, recently emancipated from the birch and ferula, is jealous of every step which appears to have a tendency to subject him again to the trammels of an arbitrary government, and to check the aspiring vigor of his mind. Every reference of his opinions to the effects of time and experience, wears this aspect, and is borne with impatience, or repented with acrimony.

It is the order of providence, for purposes obviously wise, that the affections shall descend with a more forcible current than they ascend; that is, that parental, shall be a stronger principle than filial affection. The constant memory of this will enable a reflecting youth to check and restrain the fallies of his temper, to bear the solemnity of monition, the severity of reproof, and even the captious querulousness

ness of old age, with patience, respect, and without a murmur.

Next to the duty towards God, that towards our parents is most requisite, and most honorable; and I am happy to say, that in the course of my observation few instances have occurred of young ladies who were deficient in this virtue, and I have most frequently found young men, when their faculties have been ripened by the lapse of a few years, return to their duties with eagerness, and acknowledge the criminality of their aberration with penitence.

The following letters written by Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator*, place the honorableness of filial duty in so just a point of view, and shew so affecting an instance of maternal solicitude and reproof, and so interesting a display of filial remorse, that they amply recommend themselves, and illustrate the subject.

Three Letters extracted from the Spectator, No. 263.

Sir,

I am the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work where in there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biases of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone,

and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflexion, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and dese-

rence, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, "Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone;" Camillus knows, being in his favour, is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these

gentlemen do ; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, there they go.

You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct ?

It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another ; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him : from this degeneracy therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts.

If

If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflexion would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants, and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear Frank,

If the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you out-grew them, to throw

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away

away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not your's to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrear due to me, and without one tear more condemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank do I live to omit writing myself,

Your affectionate Mother,

A. T.

Madam,

I will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter

Your most dutiful Son,

F. T.

I will bring down new head-dresses for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.

THE following letter is from a King, generally reckoned one of the most sanguinary tyrants that ever was permitted to be the scourge of a nation; a late elegant author, Mr. Walpole, has attempted in a very ingenious essay, to rescue his character from some of the imputations cast on it: without entering into the merits of this controversy, I shall avail myself of the admirable lesson it holds out on the subject of filial affection, which not only dignifies the best, but throws such a veil over the demerits of the worst characters, that from the letter here presented, Mr. Walpole has drawn a very favorable and strongly founded

founded conclusion against the veracity of those who ascribe certain atrocious crimes to its author.

It is impossible in reading this, and similar contemporary compositions, not to regret that modern refinement has rendered obsolete that style of reverend duty, and respectful affection by which they are characterised.

*Letter from King Richard III. to his Mother the
Duchess of York.*

Madam,

I recommend me to you as heartily as is to me possible, beseeching you in my most humble, and affectuous wife of your daily blessing, to my singular comfort, and defence in my need; and, madam, I heartily beseech you that I may often hear from you to my comfort. And such news as be here, my servant, Thomas Brian, this bearer, shall shew you, to whom please it you to give credence unto. And, madam, I beseech you be good and gracious lady to my Lord Chamberlain to be your officer in Wiltshire, in such as Collingwood had; I trust he shall herein do you good service, and that it please you he, by this bearer, may understand your pleasure in this behalf. And I pray God send you the accomplishment of your noble desires. Written at Pountfreit this third day of June, with the hand of

Your most humble Son,

Ricardus Rex.

From James Howell to his Father, on going abroad, thanking him for the good Education he had received.

Sir,

I should be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all: and what danger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck, or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore: and at my return to England, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

The

The latter end of this week I am to go a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous. In this opinion I shall ever rest

Your dutiful Son.

From a Young Gentleman on a Voyage to the West Indies, to his Father.

At Sea, Lon. Lat.

Honored Sir,

I seize with joy the opportunity presented by the fortunate meeting of a ship bound to England, to give you the satisfaction of knowing that I am very well, and that my voyage has been, hitherto, tolerably prosperous. The captain has done ample justice to the recommendation of yourself and your good friend Mr. B. by treating me with the greatest attention and kindness. I am exceedingly well in health, and experienced but for a little while those *nausea* which were represented to me as being so terrible, but have no reason, on that account to discredit the testimony of my friends, for Mr. I. one of my fellow passengers, has been confined to his cabin, the whole voyage, and almost unable to take any sustenance.

I cannot conceal from you, that when first the ship which will carry this to you came a-long-side, I felt an agony of desire to revisit England, and embrace again my ever dear and honored parents; I thought I would with joy have changed circumstances and abilities with the meanest mariner on board, to

have only felt the happiness I picture to myself in being restored to your embraces; a little reflection, however, has brought me to a different frame of mind, and I glory in the thought that I am fulfilling your commands, and walking in the path you have chalked out for me; that by one act of obedience, in which too my own interest is materially concerned, I raise myself to a truly enviable pitch in your good opinion, and run no risque of being degraded in it, by your witnessing the daily acts of imprudence, levity, and folly which must meet your observation were I placed more immediately under your eye. I entertain the most ardent hopes of returning, after a few years, to England again, with the applause of having acted my part well, and the honor of having retained my share in your esteem, undiminished.

You may remember I promised, before I left you, to keep a journal of the events of the voyage, and flattered myself you would peruse it with pleasure, I regret to tell you such a thing is next to impossible; had I sailed with a fleet instead of a single ship, accident might have presented some variety, but nothing can exceed the barrenness of a sea voyage for any thing resembling narrative, the external appearance is unvaried, the sea and sky always the same, the casualties of weather excepted; I never was so truly sensible as now of the truth of those lines of Ovid

“Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas

“Una est injusti cœcula forma maris.”

IMITATED.

Not there the city's lofty turrets rise,
Not there the nodding grove relieves your eyes;
No color but the never-changing green
Is on the ocean's treach'rous surface seen.

I find

I find here particularly, the use of that education your affection has, with so much liberality bestowed on me; without the pleasure of reading, of extending my knowledge, and of reviving the vanishing traces of my school learning, my life would be a mere blank; but, as it is, I pass it not without delight, and I trust not without advantage; I look back with shame to the sentence where I expressed even a transient wish to forego those advantages, and enrol myself amongst the ignorant, it appears like ingratitude, or an attempt to throw in your face the kindness you had conferred, and destroy at once all the pre-eminence you feel so happy in my possessing. I trust you will believe me incapable of deliberately harbouring such sentiments.

One of our passengers, Mr. C. is an old acquaintance of yours, he often speaks of you in terms which bring tears into my eyes, while my heart is warmed with the truest delight, and no inconsiderable esteem for him; he is so kind to inclose this in a packet to his banker, through whose hands you will receive it, and desires me to present his compliments to you, my mamma, and my uncle.

Though I have complained of the want of variety in my present situation, I find it would be very easy for me to fill up a sheet of paper in writing to you, and yet leave much unsaid, but the mate has just been saying that the ship must now part company. I anticipate with inexpressible satisfaction the pleasure you will derive from receiving this letter from me so much earlier than you expected; I hope it will be a happy omen, and that in all my future life I shall run the race of duty and success so as to outstrip your expectations, and keep pace with your best wishes; mine will ever be that you and my mamma may enjoy health and every felicity, and that I may continue worthy to subscribe myself

Your most affectionate Son.

Nothing

Nothing can be more delightful to parents, or honorable to children, than a knowledge of that steady affection subsisting, which renders them a comfort to each other through life, and the death of either the greatest of sublunary griefs to the survivor. The following letters will place these observations in their strongest light.

From Lady Dorothy Sydney, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, to Robert Earl of Leicester, her Father.

My Lord,

Had not my intentions been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which a great cold produced; and since that, by the expectation of Rochell's coming hither, I would not have been thus slow in presenting your Lordship with my most humble thanks for the many fine things that you have bestowed on me. And though they will be my greatest ornaments, which is of much consideration by persons no wiser than I am, they could not give me any contentment, but as I understand they are expressions of your Lordship's favour, a blessing that, above all others in this world, I do with most passion desire: and my ambition is that whatsoever your Lordship doth propound to be in the perfectest good child upon the earth, you may find accomplished in me, that will ever be your Lordship's most affectionate, most humble, and exactly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

Mr. Gray to his Mother, consoling her for the Death of her Sister.

THIS letter is written by the author of the celebrated Elegy in a Country Church Yard, and many other beautiful

beautiful poems; he was a man of truly great genius and elevated mind, though open to every affection, and tender attachment: HE refused with steadiness, the situation of Poet Laureat, which was offered him by the Minister. He was born in 1716, and died in 1771.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me*. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself, with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November.

not;

not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor had sent her on the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.

Sir,

I am very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The Meditations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and, when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator,

on

on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, Sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am,

Sir, your, &c.

Mrs. Rowe to her Mother, on the Approach of her own Death.

THE writer of this letter, was born in 1674, died 1737; she was a lady of exemplary piety and understanding; and produced several admirable works, amongst which are "Letters from the Dead to the Living," and "Devout Exercises."

Madam,

I am now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust. May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure.

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations,

tions, bless you.—It is but a short space I have to measure:—my shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: that goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fortitude is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for, oh! in my best estate, I am altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpless sinner; but in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

[N. B. This letter was not to be sent to her mother till she was dead.]

*James Howell to Dr. Field, Bishop of St. David's,
on his Father's Death.*

I HAVE shewn above, with what affectionate thankfulness Mr. Howell acknowledged his father's goodness, this letter written after his death breathes a spirit of piety, and filial affection.

Westminster, 1st May, 1632.

My Lord,

Your late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate: but the conclusion of your Lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please

to

to write me news of my dear father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief: for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neighbours, and his candour in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you: when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me; for I am your Lordship's most true and humble servitor.

I SHALL not indulge curiosity or gratify malignity, by introducing in this work any letters which have been produced by *quarrels between parents and their children*. I lament that such dissensions are to be enumerated amongst the infelicities of the human lot; to avoid them the parent ought to take care by a prudent discipline, and a pious example, to train up his child to virtue, and the humane sensations; and the son ought to look on his parent's failings, if he can discern them, not with the malevolence, and prying anxiety of an enemy, but with the kindness, and cautious taciturnity of a true friend: above all he should dismiss from his mind every thing like resentment for a fancied injury, or want of regard to propriety

propriety in his parent, and not like the sulky son in the comedy, when asked why he is undutiful to his father? answer, *Why was my father undutiful to me first?*

The following letter will shew by what means a young gentleman may be utterly spoiled by kindness, and his very good qualities and abilities turned to his destruction.

Lord Lytleton to a Friend.

My dear Sir,

You wish that I should explain myself at large with respect to that vanity which I accuse of having been the cause of every inconvenience and misdoing of my past life, to which I owe the disagreeable circumstances of my present situation, and shall be indebted, probably, for some future events which, I fear, are in store for me.

You will, I believe, agree with me that vanity is the foible of my family: every individual has a share of it for himself, and for the rest; they are all equally vain of themselves, and of one another. It is not, however, an unamiable vanity: it makes them happy, though it may sometimes render them ridiculous; and it never did an injury to any one but me. I have every reason to load it with execration, and to curse the hour when this passion was concentrated to myself.

Being the only boy and hopes of the family, and having such an hereditary and collateral right to genius, talents, and virtue, (for this was the language held by certain persons at that time) my earliest prattle was the subject of continual admiration. As I increased in years, I was encouraged in boldness, which partial fondness called manly confidence; whilst sallies of impertinence, for which I should have

have been scourged, were fondly considered as marks of an astonishing prematurity of abilities. As it happened, nature had not been a niggard to me; it is true she has given me talents, but accompanied them with dispositions, which demanded no common repressure and restraint instead of liberty and encouragement: but this vanity had blinded the eyes, not only of my relations, but also of their intimate connections; and I suppose such an hot-bed of flattery was never before used to spoil a mind, and to choak it with bad qualities, as was applied to mine. The late Lord Bath, Mrs. ———, and many others, have been guilty of administering fuel to the flame, and joined in the family incense to such an idol as myself. Thus was I nursed into a very early state of audacity; and being able, almost at all times, to get the laugh against a father, or an uncle, &c. I was not backward in giving such impertinent specimens of my ability. This is the history of that impudence which has been my bane, gave to my excesses such peculiar accompaniments, and caused those, who would not have hesitated to commit the offence, loudly to condemn the mode of its commission in me.

When I drew towards manhood, it will be sufficient to say, that I began to have some glimmering of the family weakness: however, I was still young; dependence was a considerable restraint, and I had not acquired that subsequent knowledge of the world which changed my notions of paternal authority. I was, therefore, without much difficulty, brought to consent to the design of giving solidity to my character, and preserving me from public contagion, by marriage. A rich and amiable young lady was chosen to the happy and honourable task of securing so much virtue as mine, to correct the natural exuberance of youthful inexperience, and to shape me
into

into that perfection of character which was to verify the dreams of my visionary relations.

I must own that the lady was both amiable and handsome, but cold as an anchorite; and though formed to be the best wife in the world to a good husband, was by no means calculated to reclaim a bad one. But, to complete the sensible and well-digested plan in which so many wise heads were concerned, it was determined for me to make the tour of Europe, previous to my marriage, in order to perfectionate my matrimonial qualifications; and the lovely idea of the fair maid I left behind was presented to me, as possessing a talismanic power to preserve me from seduction. But this was not all: for the better enabling me to make a proper and becoming appearance, or, in other words, to give me every means of gratification, the family purse was lavishly held forth; I was left almost without controul in point of expence, and every method pursued to make me return the very reverse of what expectation painted me.—You know, as well as myself, what happened during my travels, as well as after my return, and I trust that you will impute my misconduct, in part at least, to its primary cause. In this short sketch of the matter, which consists rather of hints than descriptions, you will see the drift of my reasoning, and know how to apply it to a thousand circumstances in your remembrance.

You were present at my being received into the arms of my family, with a degree of warmth, delight, and triumph, which the brightest virtue could alone have deserved; and you recollect the cause of all this rapturous forgiveness, which, I believe, penitence itself would not, at that time, have effected: it was my having made a speech in parliament, flowery, indeed, and bold, but very little to the purpose; and at a time when, as I was certain that
I should

I should lose my seat, it would have been prudent in me to have remained silent: however, Mr. Ellis thought proper to compliment me upon the occasion, and to observe that I spoke with hereditary abilities; and this circumstance instantly occasioned the short lived family truce that succeeded.

That my relations may have cause to complain of me, I do not deny; but this confession is accompanied with an opinion, in which I doubt not of your acquiescence, that I, on my side also, have no small cause of complaint: and however black the colour of my future life may be, I shall ever consider that the dusky scenes of it are occasioned by the vanity of my family, and not by any obdurate or inflexible dispositions inherent in my own character. I am, with great regard,

Yours, &c.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. James Boswell, on his Reconciliation with his Father.

THE gentleman to whom this letter was written, was son of a very respectable Scots gentleman, and practised at the bar in that country; on a very solid foundation of learning, and good sense, he had raised a whimsical superstructure of eccentricity, which exposed him to the ridicule of the minor wits, but did him no injury in the opinions of the wise, the virtuous, and the learned, whose esteem he retained till his death. His chief works are, an Account of Corsica; and *the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, a book which, notwithstanding some redundancies, is a greater fund of knowledge and entertainment than any one of the kind extant. Mr. Boswell died in 1795.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I had great pleasure in hearing that you are, at last, on good terms with your father. Cultivate his kindness by all honest and manly means. Life is but short; no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled. May you and your father pass the rest of your time in reciprocal benevolence.

I am, &c.

LETTERS OF BUSINESS.

I INTRODUCE these letters in this place, because I consider this the time of life when every person ought to acquire and possess a thorough knowledge of the profession or trade, by which they are hereafter to gain subsistence and respectability. Nor ought the election of this important matter to be deferred till a late period of youth, waiting for the discovery of the bent of genius, or for the acquisition of a sufficient judgment in the person to be provided for, to chuse for himself. Very few indeed, whatever the fond vanity of parents may suggest, discover any particular genius at all, and the choice of a lad just let loose from school, and incapable of experience, cannot be just, it is formed from superficial ideas of show and respectability, from weak prejudice, or from an ardent contemplation of the end, without reference to the means, or consideration of the necessary preparation.

On

On the other hand, those children whose path of life is early decided, go to school with an impression of its fitness, the redundancies of education are suppressed, and ability is pushed forward in the track of appropriate learning; for if the master possesses common sense, he will hardly recommend the same line of study to the merchant, the mariner, the soldier, and the lawyer. But how is he to avoid this if the parent, from a mind weak and irresolute, or from a fond partiality, delays till the time when education is completed, to fix the future destination of the scholar; from this single source arises much of that dissatisfaction young people express during the term of their first application to business, which often terminates in an abrupt abandonment of it, and utter frustration of the views of affectionate relatives.

As letters on the subject of business are almost always unvaried, and peculiar to the house where they are written, few specimens will be necessary; every merchant's, and tradesman's counting-house, every attorney's office abounds with the ordinary formula of letters used in the course of business, and he who knows how to write other letters well, will easily apply that knowledge to the production of appropriate additions to letters of this kind. All that can be said in the way of general instruction, is to be found in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son.

"The first thing necessary in writing letters of business, is extreme clearness and perspicuity; every paragraph should be so clear, and unambiguous, that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor obliged to read it twice in order to understand it. This necessary clearness, implies a correctness, without excluding an elegance of style. Tropes, figures, antitheses, epigrams, &c. would be as misplaced, and as impertinent, in letters of business, as they are sometimes (if judiciously used)

proper and pleasing in familiar letters, upon common and trite subjects. In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labour, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it.

"Business does not exclude the usual terms of politeness and good-breeding; but, on the contrary, strictly requires them: such as, *I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship; Permit me to assure you; If I may be allowed to give my opinion, &c.*

"Letters of business will not only admit of, but be the better for certain graces: but then, they must be scattered with a sparing and a skilful hand; they must fit their place exactly. They must decently adorn without incumbering, and modestly shine without glaring. But as this is the utmost degree of perfection in letters of business, I would not advise you to attempt those embellishments, till you have first laid your foundation well.

"Carefully avoid all Greek or Latin quotations: and bring no precedents from the virtuous Spartans, the polite Athenians, and the brave Romans. Leave all that to futile pedants. No flourishes, no declamation. But, (I repeat it again) there is an elegant simplicity and dignity of style, absolutely necessary for good letters of business; attend to that carefully. Let your periods be harmonious, without seeming to be laboured; and let them not be too long, for that always occasions a degree of obscurity."

Letter

*Letter from a Young Tradesman, to wholesale Dealers,
with an Order.*

Gentlemen,

I hope it will not be a disagreeable surprise to see below an order on my own account.

I am not in the least doubtful of your serving me on the best terms; that is, so as to enable me to sell as cheap as others.—And whenever you have occasion for money, your demand shall either be paid, or you may draw on me for the amount. Pray be careful in chusing my goods, and expeditious in forwarding them, which will tend to increase your correspondence with,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant.

*From a Tradesman, in the Country, to a Dealer in
London.*

Sir,

Having been recommended to you by Mr. T—, with whom I served my apprenticeship, I have herewith sent you a small order as under, which I hope you will execute on as good terms, and with the same care and dispatch, as for the rest of your correspondents.—After having given me the usual credit I will remit you a London bill for the amount: and if you treat me well I will omit no opportunity of increasing my commissions, and testifying, that

I am,

With much respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

From a Young Tradesman, to the Customers of his late Master, a Circular Letter.

Sir,

The unexpected decease of my late worthy master, Mr. P. has caused his executors to make an arrangement, by which I am to transact the business he was used to carry on for the joint benefit of his widow and myself, till his son, now only fourteen years old, comes to years of maturity, at which time, Mrs. P. is to retire, and he is to take an active share in the business.

Under these circumstances, I take the liberty to solicit a continuance of your favours in the way of business, assuring you that all your orders shall be attended to with the same punctuality and care, as you experienced during Mr. P's. life time, and not doubting that your knowing that the profits of your kindness will be in part applied to the support of his widow and orphans, will be an inducement to you to comply with this request.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

From a Tradesman, to a Customer, demanding Payment of Money.

Sir,

I have now delivered your bill for goods supplied last year, upwards of three months, and have waited on you several times, to solicit payment, but have not been so fortunate to find you at home; I have a very large sum to make up in the course of a week, and shall esteem it a very particular favour if you can let me have the amount of my bill delivered, within

within that time; I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you on this subject, and believe me,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

Answer to the preceding.

Sir,

I am sorry you have had the trouble of calling so often for your money, and still more so that it is not in my power to pay your bill within the time you mention; I am, at present, very short of cash, and shall be so for these six weeks, at the end of that time I will settle with you.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

The Tradesman's Reply.

Sir,

I should be sorry to appear troublesome to any customer, but you, who are not in any business, may not probably know how subject tradesmen are to large demands for cash, and how much an omission of payment may injure them in the world; the credit on your bill already exceeds by some months, what it is usual in trade to give, and what I give to my customers in general; I hope, therefore, you will not take it amiss that I have drawn on you at six weeks for the amount of my demand; I have sent the bill by my clerk for your acceptance, not doubting that it will be duly honoured, and that you will excuse this liberty from,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

*From a Tradesman, unable to honor his Acceptance,
to a Merchant.*

Dear Sir,

It gives me the greatest pain to be under the necessity of writing to you on the subject I am now about to do, but I think it better to apprize you of the circumstance before-hand, than to permit a bill with your name on it to be dishonoured without your knowledge. The bankruptcy of Mr. C. who is my debtor to a considerable amount, and from whom I was in daily expectation of payment, has straightened me for cash so much that I can only raise £.47 towards the amount of the bill for £.119 17, which I accepted in your favor, and which will become due the day after to-morrow.

If you would have the kindness, if the bill remains in your hands, to receive that sum in part, and my acceptance at two months for the remainder, I will take care it shall be duly attended to, or if the bill is out of your hands, if you would favor me with cash to supply the deficiency I will give you the like bill, and allow discount, with pleasure. I am given to understand there will be a considerable dividend of Mr. C's effects; if an assignment of my claim on him would be any satisfaction to you, as a collateral security, I am willing to make it, or to do any thing else in my power to convince you that I mean to act honestly.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And obliged humble Servant.

The

The Merchant's Answer.

Dear Sir,

Your bill is not in my hands, I paid it away a month ago to Mr. S. I am obliged to you for the information, and all the expressions of kindness and honest intention contained in your letter; I have a very good opinion of your character, and had a friendship for your father; under these circumstances, I will not distress you by taking out of your hands the little ready money you mention, but my clerk shall wait on you to-morrow evening with the sum of £.120; for which your note at three months will be sufficient security.

I am glad you had the prudence and resolution to acquaint me with this matter before the bill was presented; I know S. very well; the natural course of the paper would have been from the banker's to the notary's, and from the notary's to the attorney's, which would have put you to great expence and disgrace, neither of which you shall undergo for such a trifle, while I retain my present opinion of you, and have it in my power to shew myself.

Your sincere Friend, and humble Servant.

A Letter of Thanks, occasioned by the preceding.

Dear Sir,

Whatever pain the occasion of my former letter to you gave me was abundantly overpaid by the kindness and humanity of your answer; I am now overjoyed that I have had an opportunity to experience a benevolence and friendship which I shall never forget, or fail to feel with the most perfect gratitude.

I am happy to inform you that I shall not have occasion for your proffered favor; this morning I

received a message from M. Le Comte de M. one of my greatest customers, that he was suddenly obliged to leave the kingdom, and directing me to wait on him immediately; I did so, and he paid me £.432, which of course enables me to take up my bill.

Be assured, dear Sir, that this, or any other event, shall not efface from my mind a memory of your liberality and good advice.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere Friend,
And humble Servant.

From a Merchant, to a Tradesman, demanding Money, and expressing disapprobation of his proceedings.

Sir,

I have sent herewith your account, and am sorry the statement of your mode of living, which has been reported to me, is such, that I must, in justice to myself, demand an immediate payment of the balance. It is not my disposition to act unkindly, or distress any man, but when I see people, with my property in their hands, squandering away their substance in wanton extravagance, it becomes necessary for me to see a little to my affairs. Sir, I am informed you keep a horse and chaise, and country lodgings; that you belong to clubs, and are a buck, an odd fellow, a free and easy, and the Lord knows what; in a word, that business is but a secondary concern with you; nay, what is worse, I have heard it hinted you game: I began the world, Sir, with a greater capital than you, and with as good a connexion, in cheaper times, but I never kept a horse till I was not able to walk, and other men no richer than myself kept their coach; as to the sin and folly of

of wasting my time in debauchery and gaming, I always was above it, for, whatever you may think, a man is much more creditably employed in his business, than in sitting amongst mimics and stage players, or wasting money not his own amongst sharpers.

Sir, your having married my kinswoman will not protect you against my taking the necessary steps to recover my money; were you my own son I would not act otherwise, and am very sorry to have reason to cease subscribing myself

Your sincere Friend.

The Answer.

Dear Sir,

For so I shall persevere to call you, notwithstanding the unkindness of your last; you have lived long enough in the world to know, that when a man is fortunate, in any respect, there are not wanting envious persons to do him an injury; I considered myself happy in the possession of your good opinion, and have found an enemy to supplant me: I will answer the charges you bring against me, one by one, and you will see at once how little they are founded in truth.

As to my keeping a horse and chaise, I have not rode in one except yours these three years, only once on this occasion. B. who owed me a great deal of money, was absconding near the sea coast; I learnt where he was, and having got a writ out against him, went down to the place with my attorney, that it might be properly executed, and the chaise was his; so I only paid for the hire of the horse, which was, on the whole, a saving to me.

The state of my poor wife's health is such as to require country air, and I have taken a lodging for

her near K. but it is so small an expense, that, I am persuaded, were you the most miserable economist in the world, instead of a liberal minded man, you would think such a trifle ought not to be spared to preserve your cousin's health, and perhaps her life.

As to clubs, I belong to none, except the lodge of Freemasons, to which you yourself introduced me, and you, who know all the members, can judge whether they are proper company or not; and with respect to gaming, I can declare I never played at any game of chance in my life, except whist, and not at that for more than a shilling a point.

But let assertions go for nothing between us, and facts speak for themselves; if you will favor me by eating a bit of dinner at my house to-morrow, we will go over my books together, and you will see by the regularity, and general state of them, how I attend to business; and as it will be Saturday, on which day I generally go to K. if you will have the goodness to take your tea there, you will see what sumptuous country lodgings I have got.

If you insist on instant payment of the balance of your account, I must arrange matters accordingly; but though it will put me to some inconvenience, it will not efface the memory of past kindness, or prevent my acknowledging myself

Your much obliged Friend,
And humble Servant.

Letter occasioned by the foregoing.

Dear Charles,

Before I received yours, I was undeceived as to the subjects on which I wrote, and heartily sorry for the pain I had given. The truth of the matter is, I came up to town with a view to do you a service, which excited some jealousy in a quarter which I will

will not particularize, but assure you *it will do them no service*, to have raised so unjustifiable a report against you. I will not let you know who is your enemy, but will tell you who is your very sincere friend—old Matt. Hewson; I met him just after I had writ to you, and seeing me next he asked the reason, and I told him; you know his cholerick way, he spoke worse of my understanding, and better of your conduct, than I chuse to repeat, and in conclusion said, if you were straitened for cash to pay the balance of your account, he would give me a draft on his banker for the money; in short, he gave me so many instances of your prudence, and proofs of the goodness of your credit, as completely opened my eyes: I am, however, well pleased to have received a letter from you which does credit to your temper and understanding.

I cannot dine with you to-morrow, but will meet you in the evening at K. as I want to see my cousin, for whom I have bought a small present, and wish to give it her myself: I will not, at present, tell you what brought me to town, but, depend on it, you and yours will be the better for my coming. I am particularly pleased that your books are in a state fit for immediate scrutiny; stick to that, Charles, and you will do well, and be happy.

I suppose I need not say that there is no occasion for you to give yourself any immediate trouble about the balance of the account, or that if you want to increase your capital you need not apply to old Hewson, while I remain.

Your sincere Friend,

And affectionate Cousin.

*From the Trustees of a Tradesman's Affairs to the
rest of the Creditors; (Circular.)*

Sir,

You are requested to meet us, the undersigned, and the rest of the creditors of Mr. J. C. at the G. Coffee-house, K. Street, on Thursday next, the 20th instant, at eight o'clock in the evening precisely, to receive a dividend of the said Mr. C's effects, got in by us, and to examine the general state of his affairs.

We have the pleasure to inform you, that Mr. C's affairs turn out very well, and you are not likely to be a loser by your lenity towards him; he has behaved, in every respect, like an honest man, though unfortunate; it is our intention, on Thursday, to submit to the creditors a plan, which, without any considerable detriment to them, will be of the most essential service to C. for which reason your punctual attendance will be esteemed a favor by

Your most humble servants.

*To a Nobleman, from his Agent, respecting the state
of his Interest in a Borough.*

My Lord,

I have now been at this place upwards of a fortnight, and have had sufficient opportunities of sounding the principal inhabitants, on the probability of getting the Honorable Mr. S. returned member for this borough at the approaching general election; and the result of my inquiries is as much in his favor as natural affection can prompt your Lordship to wish.

Sir

Sir C. H. the Rev. Dr. M. Mr. P. and Mr. R. men of the greatest influence here, enter warmly into your Lordship's interest; they say, that your public conduct—patriotic, yet loyal; firm, yet decorous—insure the like valuable qualities in your son, and that they will exert themselves strenuously in his behalf. It gives me the greatest pleasure to transcribe these sentiments, as I know the eulogium to be precisely such as your Lordship would wish, and permit me to add, such as, in my humble opinion, you abundantly merit.

I have not, however, depended implicitly on the report or promises of these gentlemen, but have canvassed all the electors individually, though in a private manner, and without naming the candidate; I have inclosed your Lordship a list of the electors names, with marks denoting absolute promises, conditional promises, and refusals, by which your Lordship will perceive that, counting the whole of the two former together, more than three-fourths of the electors may be reckoned on; or counting the first only, a full half.

There will certainly be a contest, as one member has been, for a long time past, returned on the N. interest, and the representative of that family will not tamely see himself dispossessed of it; for which reason I humbly think it would be best to declare Mr. S. a candidate without delay, and that he should visit this place as soon as convenient; his youth, abilities, and engaging qualities, will confirm his friends and abash his opponents.

Your Lordship will have the goodness to excuse the following hint, which I should not take the liberty to give, but from a fear that such minute things may escape your attention. I should think it advisable that Mr. S. should bring with him some handsome trinkets, which, with that elegant ease he inherits, he may give to the principal electors ladies and

and daughters; and that while he is here, he should give a ball to the principal inhabitants; assist at a cricket match, with the young gentlemen; give prizes at a poney race, for the lower class; and give a public dinner previous to his departure. — Such means of popularity, though apparently trifling, are of the utmost importance; and I doubt not that your Lordship will not only see the propriety of such steps, but suggest some ideas for the improvement of them.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble Servant.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE season of youth is the time for the formation of perfect and honorable friendships; those then created are more firm, and less subject to decay and interruption than any which have their commencement later in life. I do not mean, by this observation, to close the avenues of the heart against the approaches of kindness at any period, but merely to shew the value of those early connections, which can never be replaced by any equally permanent.

Dr. Johnson, to Mrs. Thrale, on the Value of long-established Friendship.

THE lady to whom this letter is addressed, was the widow of a very eminent porter brewer, a man of honor, integrity, abilities, and opulence. Mrs. Thrale, since married to one Mr. Piozzi, possesses

a con-

a considerable share of genius and learning. Her best productions are, a Collection of Anecdotes, forming a Sketch of the Life of Dr. Johnson (for whom she had a great veneration and kindness, and whose life was preserved by her care and benevolence); a Collection of Letters; British Synonymy; and several light pieces of poetry, amongst which may be mentioned with honor, "The Three Warnings," a tale, as an exquisite imitation of *La Fontaine*.

Dear Madam,

London, Nov. 23, 1783.

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished, but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true.

true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved, against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurrey as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells me of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park? he could not disoblige his neighbours, by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam,

Your, &c.

Mr. Locke, to Mr. Molyneux, on the Advantages of Friendship.

THE writer of this letter, one of the greatest philosophers the world has produced, author of the famous "Essay on Human Understanding," and many other religious and philosophical works, was born 1632, died 1704.

Sir,

Oates, April 26, 1695.

You look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and overvaluings of good-will being always sincere, even

when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself: I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quolibet ente*; to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could shew him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

ONE reason why the friendships formed early in life are most permanent is, that at that season the equality which permits that sentiment to flourish and come to the greatest perfection is not invaded by any other circumstances than those of superior genius, all other casual advantages being light in the scale of estimation, and that rather confirming than injuring an attachment.

The friendship of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, the greatest hero and one of the wisest men of his day, for M. de Voltaire, a French poet, philosopher, and historian, is well known; and though it had grown up during an acquaintance and daily intercourse of sixteen years, yet, on a slight misapprehension, it was broke, and the King treated his friend with indignity and cruelty. The first of the four following letters will shew the esteem in which he was held by the King, the three latter the manner in which he was afterwards treated, and the effect it took on him. He died at Ferney in 1778. It is a pity his works are stained with sentiments of scepticism and infidelity.

The

The King of Prussia to M. de Voltaire.

August 23, 1750.

I have seen the letter which your niece writes you from Paris. The friendship which she expresses for you, hath gained her my esteem. If I were Madam Denis, I should think as she does; but being what I am, I think otherwise. It would be the greatest affliction to me, to be the cause of an enemy's misery; how then can I wish ill to a man whom I esteem, and who hath sacrificed to me his native country, and every thing that mankind hold most dear? No, my dear Voltaire, if I could foresee that your transplantation could possibly turn in the least degree to your disadvantage, I would be the first to dissuade you from it. Yes, I would prefer your happiness to the extreme pleasure your presence would give me. But you are a philosopher; I am one too; and can anything be more natural, more rational, and more regular, than that philosophers, united by the same studies, the same taste, and a similar manner of thinking, and born to live together, should give themselves that satisfaction? I respect you as my master in eloquence and science; I love you as a virtuous friend: what slavery, what misfortunes, what changes, what inconsistency of fortune then have you to fear in a country where you are as much esteemed as in your native country, and with a friend who hath a grateful heart? I am not so vain as to imagine that Berlin is equal to Paris. If riches, grandeur, and magnificence, makes a city delightful, we yield to Paris. If there be a place in the world, where good taste is more universally and extensively diffused, I know and agree, that it is at Paris. But do not you introduce this taste wherever you go? We have organs which suffice to applaud you, and in point of sentiment and gratitude, we yield to no country in the world. I pay regard

to

to the friendship which attaches you to Madam du Chatelet, but after her I am one of your oldest friends. What, because you will live in my house, it will be said that this house is your prison! What, because I am your friend, I shall be your tyrant! I own to you, that I do not understand this logic, that I am firmly persuaded that you will be very happy here during my life, that you will be regarded as the father of learning and taste, and that you will find in me all the consolation that a man of your merit may expect from one who perfectly esteems him.

Good night.

Mr. P—— to Mr. W——.

July 20, 1753.

You are surprised, Sir, and so is all Europe, at M. Voltaire's disgrace with the King of Prussia. No body can yet comprehend how it hath been possible to exasperate a philosophic king against his first favourite, to whom, during sixteen years, he hath behaved rather like a faithful friend than a gracious Prince. All the world knows that his Majesty, charmed with the lyre of this Orpheus, never ceased his applications to draw him to his court, that he might be more intimately acquainted with his muse, which hath so much contributed to refine his taste and to make him an author; a character of which he is as jealous as he is of that of a king. M. Voltaire had resolved not to quit his native country, but he could not resist the pressing instances of his Prussian Majesty, which were too honourable to him to be disregarded. He therefore left Paris and went to Berlin, in the summer of the year 1750. The King of Prussia immediately loaded him with his favours: Not content with assigning him a large pension, he
also

also honoured him with the key of chamberlain, and his Order of Merit. For two years together M. Voltaire continued in high favour with his Majesty, and thought himself well established, when he began to perceive some marks of jealousy in a man whom he had before reckoned amongst his friends, and who had obtained the King's protection by the great noise he had caused to be made about his northern expedition; and when he saw the high opinion that had been conceived of his merit was upon the decline, and that he was unable to keep it up by any other extraordinary performances, endeavoured to secure the continuance of the royal favour by craft and artifice. This was M. Maupertuis, president of the academy of Berlin. It is well known to the literary world how he hath strained to obtain the character of a great man, and an inventor, by a piece which he hath published under the title of Letters. The learned, and amongst the rest M. Voltaire, found so many absurdities in these letters, that he could not forbear writing a satire on the occasion. This satire was upon the point of being published at Potsdam, under the title of, The Diatriba, of Dr. Akakia, when M. Maupertuis, being apprized of it by one of his creatures, obtained the King's orders for suppressing the work. It is probable that this suppression was only designed by his Majesty to reconcile the two compatriot courtiers, but M. Maupertuis looked upon it as a mark of his superiority in the esteem of his master, and, relying upon this, he took the liberty to tell the King a thousand lies to ruin the credit and reputation of M. Voltaire.—A manuscript copy of The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia, having fallen into the hands of a bookseller in Holland, it soon appeared in print, to the great satisfaction of the public. M. Maupertuis was enraged at this, and the more so, as M. Voltaire, in this satire, had taken part with M. Koenig, counsellor and library-keeper to his most serene

serene highness the Prince Stadtholder at the Hague, who with the strongest arguments had attacked his principle of the least action, the dispute concerning which is well-known to all the learned in Europe. M. Maupertuis immediately, with all the aggravating circumstances he could think of, represented this to his Majesty as an offence against the royal authority. It was necessary to make the King consider it in this light, in order to raise his indignation to the highest pitch. It was in vain that M. Voltaire protested, and even made oath, that he did all he could to prevent the impression (and of this I myself was an eye-witness.) He was condemned: the Diatriba of Dr. Akakia was, by the King's order, burnt at Berlin, by the hands of the common executioner, and the King caused the transaction to be published in the gazettes of Berlin.

The first step which M. Voltaire took after this scene, was to return the King his key of chamberlain and his Order of Merit, and to beg leave to retire. The King immediately sent back the key and the cross, accompanied with a very courteous letter, wherein he intimated, that it would be very agreeable to him, if M. Voltaire would continue to reside at his court, and accept his pension. Out of respect to his Majesty, M. Voltaire retained the key and the cross, but persisted in desiring his dismissal. To this request he could get no answer. M. Maupertuis continued his intrigues, and even obtained the King's leave to compromise his academical dispute with M. Koenig. The King published a letter, wherein he thought proper to relate all the injurious things concerning Mess. Voltaire and Koenig, that M. Maupertuis had presumed to tell him one night, after the opera was ended, when his Majesty went in his domino to M. Maupertuis's house, and conversed with him some hours in his bed-chamber.

The public in general declared for M. Voltaire and

M. Koetzig; but notwithstanding this, M. Maupertuis found means to hinder truth from approaching the throne. M. Voltaire was disgraced, and yet could not obtain his dismissal, nor even permission to go to the waters for the recovery of his health. It was even prohibited, throughout the Marquisate of Brandenburg, to furnish M. Voltaire with horses, or to suffer him to pass. At length, however, I know not how, he obtained permission to go to the baths of Plombieres, and he took his leave of the King at Potsdam, to which place he promised to return in the month of October. But his enemy, who threatened to go to Leipzig to assassinate him, hath played his part so well, that M. Voltaire hath been disgraced afresh, as you will see by the letters herewith sent. These letters, as well as that of the King of Prussia, which I send on account of the relation it has to the others, are very authentic.

I have the honour to be, &c.

~~of his own accord, and without any other motive than~~

~~the desire to see him, and to be in the neighbourhood of~~

~~Voltaire, and to be in the neighbourhood of~~

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After having dispatched the last letter I wrote you, I had the honour to receive your's of the 3d of this month: and as in that letter I have given you all the éclaircissement you demanded concerning M. Voltaire's affair, I will confine myself in this to what has passed here at Francfort.

M. de Freytag, the King of Prussia's resident in this city, immediately after M. Voltaire's arrival here, redemanded of him the cross of the Order of Merit, the key of chamberlain, and also a small casket, wherein, it is said, is a manuscript in the King's own hand. M. Voltaire immediately delivered the two first, and gave his parole, that the casket, which he had sent forward

forward with his baggage to Strasburgh, should be produced in eight days, and at the same time dispatched one of his domestics to Strasburgh to fetch it. It was accordingly brought back, and M. Voltaire having delivered it to M. de Freytag, had an acquittance, and leave given him in the King's name to depart whenever he pleased. After a few days he set out for Wisshaden; but he was stopped by the guard at the gates of the city, and M. de Freytag shewed him a new order of the King of Prussia, to arrest him; but this order was not signed by the King himself. He was, however, carried back under the guard of four soldiers and a subaltern officer, to the house of a merchant called Schmidt. There M. Voltaire was very ill treated by the resident, who kept him very close, allowed his pocket to be searched, and eighty louis d'ors, found therein, to be taken from him. He was then conducted to an inn, together with his niece and secretary, under the guard of a soldier; and to affront him the more, the secretary was obliged to pass the first night in the same chamber with M. Voltaire's niece; M. Voltaire himself being shut up in another chamber with the guard. The day before yesterday he was released, and it is said that the order to arrest him at the gate was sent to the resident by one of his enemies, who had the temerity to make use of the King's name. Time must inform us of the consequences of this affair. M. Voltaire will yet go to some of the baths, but to which of them is not known. Thus I have told you all I know concerning this affair. I had it from the mouth of a person to whom M. Voltaire himself related it.

I am on all occasions at your service,

And have the honour to be, &c.

M. de

M. de Voltaire to his Niece, Madame Denis.

Mayence, July 9, 1753.

Three or four years having elapsed since I shed a tear, I flattered myself that mine eyes would not have known this weakness again till they had closed for ever. Yesterday Count de Stadian's secretary found me dissolved in tears: your departure and present situation was the cause of my affliction. The cruel severity of your sufferings lost its horror when you were present: your patience and your courage roused mine, but after your departure I had no support. I cannot sometimes help imagining that it is all a dream: I fancy these things to have been transacted in the reign of Dionysius of Syracuse. Can it be true, I ask myself, that a lady of Paris, travelling with a passport from the King her Master, can have been dragged through the streets of Frankfort by soldiers, imprisoned without any form of trial, denied the convenience of a waiting woman or any domestic, the door of the prison guarded by four soldiers, with their bayonets fixed to their musquets, and compelled to suffer a tool of this Freytag, one of the most abandoned villains, to pass the night alone in her apartment? When la Brinvilliers was confined, the executioner was never left alone with her. So barbarous an indecency is without example. And what was your crime? The having travelled 100 leagues to accompany to the waters of Plombieres a dying uncle, whom you regard as your father. It is certainly a dishonour to the King of Prussia that he has not yet made reparation for such an indignity, committed in his name, by a man who calls himself his minister.

An additional affliction this to me. He caused me to be arrested to regain his printed book of poems, with which he had favoured me, and to which I had

VOL. I.

I

some

some claim. He had left it with me as the pledge of his favour, and as the reward of my toils. He was desirous to resume it; a single word would have done; there was no occasion to imprison an old man who was going to drink the waters. He might have remembered, that by his winning favors for above 16 years, he had given me reason to believe myself in his good graces; that he had taken me from my country in my old age; that I had assisted him, for two years together, in perfecting his talents; that I had served him faithfully, and had never failed in any part of my duty; lastly, that it was unworthy his rank and glory to take part in an academical quarrel, and for my only recompense, to end all, by ordering soldiers to demand his poems of me. I hope that sooner or later he will be convinced that he has gone too far, that my enemy has deceived him, and that neither the author nor the King ought so greatly to have embittered the last days of my life. He hath followed the dictates of his passion, but he will hereafter follow those of his reason and goodness. But what will he do to atone for the abominable outrages offered to you in his name? My Lord Marshal will, doubtless, be charged to efface, if possible, the remembrance of the horrors of Freytag's treatment.

Letters have been sent me hither for you. One of them is from Madam Fontaine, and is not very consolatory. It is pretended that I have been a Prussian; if by this is meant, that by my attachment and enthusiastic zeal I have made a return for the extraordinary favours which the King of Prussia has conferred upon me for sixteen years running, the charge is just; but if it is designed to insinuate that I have been his subject, or ceased to be a Frenchman for a single moment, it is entirely false. The King of Prussia never proposed any such thing, and gave me the key of chamberlain only as a mark of his goodness, which he himself

calls

calls frivolous in the verses which he made when he gave me this key and the cross, both which I have laid at his feet. These marks of distinction required neither oath, duty, nor naturalization. Wearing an order does not make one a subject. M. Decoville, who is in Normandy, yet retains the key of chamberlain to the King of Prussia, which he wears with the cross of the order of St. Lewis. It would be highly unjust not to regard me as a Frenchman, when I have all along kept my house at Paris, and have paid the capitation. Is it possible that the author of "The Age of Lewis XIV." should be seriously charged with not being a Frenchman? Would any one dare to say it before the statues of Henry IV.? I will add, of Lewis XV. since I am the only academician who wrote his panegyric when he gave us peace, and since he has himself this panegyric translated into six languages. His Prussian Majesty, being deceived by my enemy, and impelled by passion, may have irritated the King my master against me; but his justice and greatness of soul will gain the ascendant, and he will be the first to desire the King my master to permit me to end my days in my own country. He will call to mind that he has been my disciple, and that I have gained nothing from him, but the honour of enabling him to write better than myself. He will be contented with this superiority, and will not make use of that which his rank gives him, to oppress a stranger who hath sometimes instructed, always esteemed and respected him.

I cannot ascribe to him the letters published against me in his name. He hath too much greatness of mind to treat a private person in such an outrageous manner. He knows too well how a King ought to write, and what regard is to be paid to good manners and decency of behaviour. He is born signally to display his goodness and clemency. This was the

character of our good and glorious King Henry IV. He was hasty and passionate, but soon recovered himself; passion governed only for a moment, humanity all his life.

See, my dear, what an uncle, or rather a sick father, dictates to his daughter. It will be some comfort to me if you arrive in good health. My compliments to your brother and sister. Adieu! may I die in your arms, unknown to men and kings.

*King Charles I. to Lord Wentworth, afterwards
Earl of Strafford.*

Wentworth,

Certainly I should be much to blame, not to admit so good a servant as you are, to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you, that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies: for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say no, they will make you leave to care for any thing in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants: this is, not to disparage those favours, (for envy flies most at the fairest mark) but to shew their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it, otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: never
make

make a defence or apology before you be accused.
And so I rest

Your assured Friend,
Charles R.

Lindhurst, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my Lord Marshal, as you have armed me, so
I warrant you.

From the same to the same.

Strafford,

The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the
strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times
being such that I must lay by the thought of employ-
ing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy
myself in honor or conscience, without assuring you
(now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the
word of a King, you shall not suffer in life, honor,
or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very
mean reward from a master, to so faithful, and able
a servant, as you have shewed yourself to be; yet
it is as much, as I conceive the present times will
permit, though none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful Friend,

Charles R.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

THE greatest consolation to be received in moments
of distress, arises from the persevering friendship of
the great, the wise, and the good; nor can they ever
make their exaltation more valuable than by such
acts of honorable condescension, and resolute kind-
ness, as are displayed in the following letters.

Algernon Earl of Northumberland to Robert Earl of Leicester.

My Lord,

I thought it not seasonable to be over hasty in adventuring to trouble your Lordship with that which is of so little importance, as the expressing my sorrow for the death of my dear sister; but, indeed, I bear a very great share with your Lordship in this loss, as I shall do in every accident that comes unwelcomely to you. For my own particular, I account the loss equal, almost, to any that could befall me; and it would be much increased, if it should remove me further from your Lordship's kindness and favour. Though that tie, which was the occasion of bringing us first together, be dissolved, my hope and desire is, that the friendship which followed may still continue between us; and if a true respect and value of your Lordship can merit any thing, I shall not miss of the satisfaction I aim at, in being owned by your Lordship for your, &c.

August 29, 1659.

The Answer.

My Lord,

In the greatest sorrow that I have ever suffered, your Lordship hath given me the greatest consolation that I could receive from any body in this world; for having lost that which I loved best, your Lordship secured me from losing that which I loved next, that is, your favour; to which having no right or claim by any worthiness in myself, but only by that alliance of which my most dear wife was the mediation, I might justly fear the loss of that also, if your Lordship's charity towards me did not prevent it. And now I

will

will presume to tell your Lordship, that though you have lost an excellent sister, who by her affection and reverence towards you highly deserved of you; yet such was her death, that your Lordship hath reason to rejoice at her departure. And if I were Christian good enough to conceive the happiness of the other life, and that I could have loved her enough, it might have been to me a pleasure to see her die, as she died: but being unable to repair my own loss, with the consideration of her advantage, I must ever grieve for the one, until I may be partaker of the other: and as I shall ever whilst I live pay to her memory all affection and respects, so for her sake that loved you so dearly, and was so beloved of your Lordship, and for the high estimation which I have always had of your Lordship, I beseech you to let me remain in your favour, and to be assured of my being

Your Lordship's faithfullest humble Servant.

Penshurst, 31st August, 1659.

Philip Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. R. Cavenish, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I put nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear Doctor* would now become me; because I hope that, by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my Lord of Clonfort. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the King, for the bishopric of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it; therefore do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are till you hear further from me. I

assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me; and what I value still more, your own merits and virtues.

Your's sincerely.

The same to the same.

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

Dear Doctor,

I told you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation; and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now, for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishopric of Clonfort, or a better thing, or else I will not be Lord Lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision. Good-night to you.

Your's.

The same to the same.

Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

My good Lord,

Now you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfort, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and
could

could not refuse myself that pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluys for England. Adieu.

Your's,

THE following are the familiar and feeling letters of friends, in which sentiments are expressed honorable to the writer and the persons to whom they are addressed.

Mr. James Howell to Dan. Caldwell, Esq. his late Schoolfellow.

Amsterdam, April 10, 1619.

My dear Dan,

I have made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it: it is as needful to me, as fire and water, as the very air I take in, and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*; therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German ocean: distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to

be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over: I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Bower, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court: let Jack Fildervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.

THE writer of this letter was one of the greatest I wits this nation can boast; his productions, written in a style quite peculiar to himself, are as much remarkable for pathetic sentiments, elegantly expressed, as the brightest flashes of wit and drollery: his chief works are, "*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*," a humorous romance; "*A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*," and *Sermons*, in two volumes. He died 1768. Mr. Garrick was a player, of wonderful abilities; so great as to have eclipsed the fame of all his contemporaries

temporaries and predecessors: he was, besides, an excellent companion, a scholar, wit, and poet. He wrote many excellent prologues, and some plays and farces. He died 1779.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed. You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it, drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. O! how I congratulate you, for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you. The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with Glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in condition to walk

to Windfor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorfically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am your's (that is, if you never say another word about —) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Joseph Baretti.

MR. BARETTI was a teacher of languages in London, compiler of an Italian, and a Spanish Dictionary, both excellent works.

Sir,

Dec. 21, 1761.

You are not to suppose, with all your conviction of my idleness, that I have passed all this time without writing to my Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk, who, in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he was stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him.

I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestic life: we all have good and evil, which

which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of public miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your disappointment, with which you seem more touched than I could expect a man of your resolution and experience to have been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied to particular occasions; and that the fallacy of our self-love extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every man believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron. We have all learned that this greatness is negligent and contemptuous, and that in courts, life is often languished away in ungratified expectation; but he that approaches greatness, or glitters in a court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from the common lot.

Do not let such evils overwhelm you as thousands have suffered, and thousands have surmounted; but turn your thoughts with vigour to some other plan of life, and keep always in your mind, that, with due submission to Providence, a man of genius has been seldom ruined but by himself. Your patron's weakness or insensibility will finally do you little hurt, if he is not assisted by your own passions. Of your love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love, as in every other passion, of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events. There is indeed nothing that so much seduces reason from her vigilance, as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind, which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive amusement. A woman,

man, we are sure, will not be always fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous; and man cannot retain, through life, that respect and assiduity, by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not however pretend to have discovered that life has any thing more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage: therefore know not what counsel to give you.

If you can quit your imagination of love and greatness, and leave your hopes of preferment and bridal raptures, to try once more the fortune of literature and industry, the way through France is now open. We flatter ourselves, that we shall cultivate, with great diligence, the arts of peace; and every man will be welcome among us, who can teach us any thing we do not know. For your part, you will find all your old friends willing to receive you.

Reynolds still continues to encrease in reputation and in riches. Miss Williams, who very much loves you, goes on in the old way. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children. Mr. Lovet has married a street-walker. But the gazette of my narration must now arrive to tell you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

I know not whether I have not sent you word, that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget, that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever. I pray God to bless you, and am, Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,
Sam. Johnson.

Write soon.

How

How valuable is that friendship which can be preserved, and considered as consolatory, in the day of distress, and hour of death! I shall close this section with two letters to Mr. Pope, the one from Dr. Francis Atterbury, Lord Bishop of Rochester, during his confinement in the Tower on a charge of high treason; the other from Dr. John Arbuthnot, of which a biographer truly says, "His letter to Pope, written as it were on his death-bed, and which no one can read without the tenderest emotion, discovers such a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his dissolution, as could be inspired only by a clear conscience, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue." He was a man of most extensive learning, great wit, and politeness, honored at court, respected in public, and beloved in private life. He died in February, 1735.

The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April 10, 1713.

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me: and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose,

purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:

The world was all before him, where to chuse

His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope.

I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good-wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature
can

can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures are worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice, which you seem naturally endued with, but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to inform than to chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other. Lord Bathurst I have always honored, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison-stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present; if it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is euthanasia; living or dying I shall always be yours, &c.

ADVICE.

IT is the peculiar office of friendship to offer advice on the various concerns of life, and more particularly in the period of which I am now writing, when youth is open to temptation, and not
aware

aware of the snares by which it is surrounded. I have already given specimens of parental advice, on general and important topics; in this section I shall present the monitory epistles of relations and friends, in every class of life, and on all occasions.

*Letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry,
Son of James I.*

May it please your Highness,

The following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father, God's Vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin Vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not—fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the Vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the Vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want bene-

benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house, the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have

have the true man against his inclinations. Choose, therefore, to be the King, or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, Sir,

Your Highness's

Most faithful Servant,

Walter Raleigh.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

THE author of the above letter was one of the greatest luminaries of the age; he was a warrior, politician, navigator, and historian of the first eminence, and properly valued by the discerning Queen Elizabeth, for whom he discovered Virginia; but falling into unmerited disgrace, during the reign of her pusillanimous successor, he was sacrificed to the intrigues of Spain. He was born in 1552, and beheaded in 1618; he suffered with that magnanimity which conscious innocence, a contempt of his oppressors, and the prospect of a better world, alone can inspire.

Letter from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, to his Son, Henry Cromwell, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, giving him politic Advice.

Son,

I have seen your letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby, that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards your self, and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons, who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to shew their discontent, as they have opportunity; but this should not

not make too great impressions in you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that, which for the present seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you; which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lyes in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the Counsel, as soon as men can be found out, who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Col. Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion: and therefore I would have you move the Counsel, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the further out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest

Your affectionate Father,
Oliver P.

21 Nov. 1655.

Letter from King Charles II. to his Brother, the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. against changing his Religion.

Dear Brother,

I have received yours without a date, in which you mention, that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt,

but

but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England, or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me, or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother, that loves you so well, but also of your King and country. Do not let them perswade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits Colledge, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared, will have the advantage of any body, that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from,

Dear Brother,

Your most affectionate Brother,

Charles R.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

HAD the unfortunate prince to whom this letter was addressed followed the advice contained in it, he

would have avoided the shameful necessity of abdicating the throne of his forefathers, and dying in exile from his country.

I HAVE not entered on the subject of religious differences, nor do I mean to do so, but recommend the perusal of the following

Letter from Dr. Sacker, Archbishop of Canterbury, to a Clergyman who applied to him for advice on his Son's becoming a Calvinist.

I am very sorry that your son hath given you cause of uneasiness. But as a zeal of God, though in part not according to knowledge, influences him, his present state is far better than that of a profane or vicious person; and there is ground to hope, that, through the divine blessing on your mild instructions and affectionate expostulations, he may be gradually brought into a temper every way Christian. Perhaps you and he differ, even now, less than you imagine: for I have observed, that the methodists and their opposers are apt to think too ill of each other's notions. Our clergy have dwelt too much upon mere morality, and too little on the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel: and hence they have been charged with being more deficient in this last respect than they are; and even with disbelieving, or however slighting, the principal points of revelation. They, in their turns, have reproached their accusers with enthusiastic imaginations, irrational tenets, and disregard to the common social duties, of which many of them perhaps are little, if at all, guilty. Who the author of the Address to the Clergy,* &c. is, I am

* A pamphlet published at the time this letter was written.

totally

totally ignorant; he seems a pious and well-meaning man, but grievously uncharitable, in relation to the clergy, without perceiving it, and a little tinctured with antinomianism—I hope without being hurt by it himself. God grant, that nothing which he hath written may hurt others! As Mr. P—— mentions Mr. B——t to your son, I send you some letters relative to him, which will shew you, more fully, my way of thinking about methodists, and persons considered as a-kin to them: you will be pleased to return them. For the same purpose, I add a copy of an unpublished, though printed, Charge, which you may keep as a present from your loving brother, &c.

Since Mr. B——t left my diocese, I have never heard of him till now.

THE learned and amiable prelate who wrote the above was born in 1693, died 1768. He was an assiduous and worthy labourer in the vineyard of his Redeemer, and wrote "Lectures," and "Sermons," of the greatest merit.

From Sir William Temple to the Earl of Northumberland, on his succeeding to his Father's Estate and Title.

THE author of this letter was an eminent statesman and moral writer; born 1629, died 1700.

My Lord,

By the same post which brought me the honour of a late letter from your Lordship, I received from other hands the news of my Lord of Northumberland's having left you to the succession of all his honours and fortunes; which gives me the occasion of acknowledging your Lordship's favour and memory;

mory; and at the same time of condoling with you upon the loss of a father, whose great virtues and qualities must needs have made so many sharers with you in this affliction. I hope the help which is given your Lordship by so many of your servants and friends upon this occasion, will serve to ease your own part in it: and after that all that can be offered up to decency, and to the memory of so great and excellent a person, this will find your Lordship rather taken up with the imitation of his virtues than the bewailing of his loss: since this is but what he owed to nature and to age, and to the course of long infirmities; and the other is what will be due from your Lordship all your life, to your birth, your family, and yourself. Nor indeed can ever so much depend upon so few paces, as will now, upon those your Lordship shall make at your first setting out: since all men will be prefacing by them the course of your journey, as they will have indeed influence upon the ease as well as the direction of it. For my own part, I expect a great increase of your Lordship's personal honour upon this occasion: and that having been so excellent a son of a family, you will shew yourself the same in being now a father of it; since nothing makes men fit to command, like having learnt to obey; and the same good sense and good dispositions make men succeed well in all the several offices of life. Those I know will be your Lordship's safety in entering upon a scene, where you will find many examples to avoid, and few to imitate: for I have yet seen none so generally corrupted as ours at this time, by a common pride and affectation of despising and laughing at all face of order, and virtue, and conformity to laws; which, after all, are qualities that most conduce to the happiness of a public state, and the ease of a private life.

But your Lordship will, I hope, make a great example, instead of needing other than those of your

own family, to which so much honor, order, and dignity, have been very peculiar; as well as the consequences of them in the general applause, and the particular esteem of all those who have had the honour to know and observe it. Among whom there is none more desirous to express that inclination by his services, nor that has more of it at heart than

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful
and most humble Servant.

Hague, June 17, S. N. 1670.

*To a Young Gentleman on the like Occasion, by Sir
Richard Steele.*

Dear Sir,

I know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought; to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honor his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the true sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recal your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.

THE indirect manner of conveying advice used in the above letter, is very delicate, and often very affectual, but to suit some persons, a more circuitous method must be taken, and the grossest vices represented as matters of ridicule only, or alluded to in so distant a way as not to hurt the feeling, or self-love of the hearer; it is a shocking state of depravity which requires such attention, but a true friend, and zealous moralist, will no more give up his point on such an account, than an honest physician will abandon his patient because he perceives an accumulation of dangerous symptoms. In the following letter, by the same author as the above, the odious vice of LYING is treated with great facetiousness, and yet exposed to merited contempt, and its pernicious consequences on the mind forcibly pointed out.

*Letter on Lying. Extracted from the Spectator,
No. 136.*

Sir,

I shall without any manner of preface or apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honest man, or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but

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know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Muscow, that had two much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer: this warm youth, born at the instant the thing was spoke of, was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general, he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him, here I felt in my pockets, that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect, or interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man! I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal-black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made no manner of answer; but

but told me, that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, that upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age; Tully answered, surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day these ten years. The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have replied, now 'faith, I cannot see that, he said a very good thing to my lord such a one, upon such an occasion, and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so, but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing, which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it, I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany; commended the brothels in Venice; the freedom of conversation in France; and though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been

three nights together dogged by bravoës for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

It were endless to give you particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, Mr. *Spectator*, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town, I mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster; I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit we might be called The Historians, for liar is become a very harsh word. And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire, you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know that an historian in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shews a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying! There is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another

ther of these historians is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts; as people send children, before they can learn any thing, to school to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

I could name you a soldier that hath done very great things without slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a lover; he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself, "Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every acre; Anthony and Cleopatra for that; All for Love and the World Well Lost."

Then, Sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain; there is tare and tret, there is lying all round the globe; he has such a prodigious intelligence he knows all the French are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas, whither am I running! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant as I have now described in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

THE two following letters by Dr. John Moore, a very brilliant and lively author, though they do not come exactly, with respect to the person to whom they are supposed to be written, under the description of letters of advice, are yet so full of excellent cautions and hints on the subject of the detestable vice of GAMING, its causes and effects, that I think they can be placed no where so properly as in this section; they are extracted from his "View of Society and Manners in France;" besides which he is author of "Medical Sketches;" "a View of Society, &c. in Italy;" "Zeluco, a Romance;" "a Journal during a Residence in France, in 1792;" and "a View of the Causes and Effects of the French Revolution."

Dr. Moore to a Friend; on Gaming.

I was greatly disappointed by your not coming to town as you intended, having been for some time impatient to inform you of what passed between your young friend ——— and me; I relied till the moment of our departure, on having an opportunity of doing this personally. Since our arrival at Paris, my time has been taken up with certain indispensable arrangements for the Duke of Hamilton, and I now seize the first occasion of communicating the whole to you, in the only manner at present in my power.

You well remember the uneasiness you once expressed to me on account of that gentleman's propensity to gaming, and of the inconveniences to which he had been put by some recent losses; you will also remember the resolutions which, in consequence of your request, he formed against play; but you have yet to learn, that he resumed the dice before the month was ended, in which he had determined never to touch them more, and concluded one unfortunate night,

night, by throwing away a sum far exceeding any of his former losses.

Ashamed of his weakness, he carefully concealed his misfortune from you, and thereby has been subject to some distresses of a more mortifying nature than any he had formerly felt.

What shocked him most, was a circumstance which will not greatly astonish you—the indifference which many, who call themselves his friends, shewed at his situation, and the coldness with which they excused themselves from making any attempt to relieve him from his difficulties. Several to whom he had advanced considerable sums in the days of his good fortune, declared a perfect inability of repaying any part of their debt. They told some sad tale of an unforeseen accident, which had put that entirely out of their power for the present, yet one of those unfortunate gentlemen, the same evening, that he refused to repay our friend, lost double the sum, every farthing of which he actually paid in ready money. Mr. ———'s expectations from those resources having in a great measure failed, he applied to Mr. P—— in the city, who supplied him with money at legal interest, sufficient to clear all his debts, for which he has granted him a mortgage on his estate.——While our young friend informed me of all this, he declared, that the remorse he felt on the recollection of his folly, was infinitely greater than any pleasure he had ever experienced from winning, or could enjoy from the utmost success. He expressed, at the same time, a strong sense of obligation to you and to me, for our endeavours to wean him from the habit of gaming, regretted that they had not been sooner successful; but was happy to find, that he still had enough left to enable him to live in a decent manner, agreeable to a plan of oeconomy which he has laid down, and to which he is resolved to adhere till the mortgage is relieved. “I have now (added he in a

solemn manner) formed an ultimate resolution against gaming for the rest of my life; if I ever deviate from this you have a right to consider me as devoid of manly firmness and truth, unworthy of your friendship, and the weakest of mortals."

Notwithstanding the young gentleman's failure on a former occasion, yet the just reflections he made on his past conduct, and the determined manner in which he spoke, give me great hopes that he will keep his present resolution.—To him I seemed fully persuaded of this, and ventured to say, that I could scarcely regret his last run of bad luck which had operated so blessed an effect; for he who has the vigour to disentangle himself from the snares of deep play, at the expence of half his fortune, and with his character entire, may on the whole be esteemed a fortunate man. I, therefore, insisted strongly on the wisdom of his plan, which I contrasted with the usual determination of those who have been unlucky at play. Without fortitude to retrench their expences, or bear their misfortunes, they can only bring themselves the length of resolving to renounce gaming *as soon as they shall regain what they have lost*; and imagining they have still a claim to the money which is now in the pockets of others, because it was once in their own, they throw away their whole fortune in search of an inconsiderable part, and finish by being completely ruined, because they could not support a small inconvenience. I pointed out how infinitely more honourable it was to depend for repairing his fortune on his own good sense and perseverance, than on the revolutions of chance; which, even if this should be favourable, could only re-establish him at the expence of others, most probably of those who had no hand in occasioning his losses. His inseparable companion ——— entered while I was in the middle of my harangue. Our friend, who had previously acquainted him with his determination

nation of renouncing gaming, endeavoured to prevail on that gentleman to adopt the same measure but in vain. ——— laughed at his proposal, said " he was too easily terrified; that one tolerable run of fortune would retrieve his affairs; that my fears about ruin were mere bug bears; that the word *ruin*, like cannon charged with powder, had an alarming sound, but was attended with no danger; that if the worst should happen, he could but be ruined; which was only being in the same situation of the most fashionable people in the nation." He then enumerated many instances of those who lived as well as the wealthiest man in England, and yet every body pronounced them ruined. " There is Charles Fox," added he, a man completely ruined; yet beloved by his friends, and admired by his country as much as ever."

To this fine reasoning I replied, " That the loss of fortune could not ruin Mr. Fox; that if nobody had been influenced by that gentleman's example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom; but that those who owed their importance solely to their fortune, ought not to risk it wantonly as he might do, whose fortune had always been of little importance, when compared with his abilities; and since they could not imitate Mr. Fox, in the things for which he was so justly applauded, they ought not to follow his example in those for which he was as justly condemned; for the same fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his majesty's countenance no longer shines on it.*"

——— did not seem to relish my argument, and soon after left us; but our young friend seemed confirmed in his resolutions, and gave me fresh assurances, the day on which he left London, that he never would vary.

Knowing the interest you take in his welfare, and the high esteem he has for you, I have thought it right to give you this piece of information, which I know will afford you pleasure. His greatest difficulty in adhering to the new adopted plan will be at first; in his present state of mind, the soothing and support of friendship may be of the greatest service.

When your affairs permit you to go to London, I dare say you will take the earliest opportunity of throwing yourself in his way: you will find no difficulty in persuading him to accompany you to the country. Removed for some months from his present companions and usual lounging places, the influence of his old habits will gradually diminish; and confirmed by your conversation, small chance will remain of his being sucked into the old system, and again whirled round in the vortex of dissipation and gaming.

From the same to the same, written sometime afterwards, containing reflections on the catastrophe of the Youth mentioned in the preceding, who contemned Advice, and laughed at Ruin.

So, the fate of poor ——— is finally decided, and he now finds, that to be ruined is not such a matter of indifference as he once imagined. I neither see the possibility of his extricating himself from his present difficulties, nor in what manner he will be able to support them.

Accustomed to every luxuriant indulgence, how can he bear the inconveniencies of poverty? Dissipated and inattentive from his childhood, how can he make any exertion for himself? His good humour, genteel figure, and pliant disposition, made him well received by all. While he formed no expectations
from

from their friendship, his company seemed particularly acceptable to some who are at present in his power: whether it will be equally so now when he has nothing else to depend on, is to be tried. And I really think it as well for him that it be tried now, as five or six years hence.

This calamity has been long foreseen. There seemed to be almost a necessity that it should happen sooner or later; for he had neither caution, plan, nor object in his gaming. He continued it from habit alone. Of all mankind, he was the least covetous of excessive wealth; and exclusive of gaming, he always lived within his income, not from a desire of saving money, but merely because he had no taste for great expence. How often have we seen him lose immense sums to those to whom he had lent the money which enabled them to stake against him? There are many careless young men of great fortunes, who game in the same style, and from no other motives than those of our unhappy friend. What is the consequence? The money circulates for a while among them, but remains finally with persons of a very different character.

I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters we have been acquainted with, have used those means to correct fortune which are generally reckoned fraudulent. I am fully persuaded, they are seldomer practiced in the clubs in London, than in any other gaming societies in the world. Let all flight of hand, and every species of downright sharpening, be put out of the question; but still we may suppose, that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool, and shrewd men are mingled, who know how to conceal real caution and design under apparent inattention and gaiety of manner; who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition: who
have

have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If there are such men, is not the probability of winning infinitely in their favour? Does it not amount to almost as great a certainty as if they had actually loaded the dice or packed the cards? I know you live in the habit of intimacy with some who answer to the above description; and I have heard you say, that however fortunate they may have been, you were fully convinced that nothing can be fairer than their manner of playing. I accuse them of taking no other advantages than those above mentioned; but I appeal to your own experience,—pray recollect—and I am greatly mistaken, if you will not find, that by far the greater part of those who have made fortunes by play, and have kept them when made, are men of cool, cautious, shrewd, and selfish characters.

If any of these very fortunate people were brought to a trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, while so many others had entirely lost, or greatly impaired their fortunes (if the word *esprit* be allowed to imply that artful superiority which belongs to their characters), they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini Marechal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she had made use of to fascinate the mind of the Queen? *De l'ascendant*, she replied, *qu'un esprit superieur a toujours sur des esprits foibles*. Certainly there can be no greater weakness, than for a man of independent fortune to game in such a manner as to risk losing it, for the chance of doubling or tripling his income: because the additional happiness arising from any supposable addition of wealth, can never be within a thousand degrees so great, as the misery which would be the consequence of his being stripped of his original fortune.

This consideration alone, one would imagine,
might

might be sufficient to deter any reasonable man from a conduct so weak and absurd: yet there are other considerations which give much additional weight to the argument: the dismal effects which the continued practice of gaming has sometimes been observed to produce in the disposition of the mind, and the most essential parts of the character, destroying every idea of oeconomy, engrossing the whole time, undermining the best principles, perverting the qualities of the heart, rendering men callous to the ruin of acquaintances, and partakers, with a savage insensibility, in the spoils of their unwary friends.

The peculiar instances with which you and I are acquainted, where the long continued habit of deep play has had no such effects, are proofs of the rooted honor and integrity of certain individuals, and may serve as exceptions to a general rule, but cannot be urged as arguments against the usual tendency of gaming. If men of fortune and character adopted the practice of gaming upon any principle of reasoning, there might be a greater probability of their being reasoned out of it: but most of them begin to game, not with any view or fixed plan of increasing their wealth, but merely as a fashionable amusement, or perhaps by way of shewing the liberality of their spirit, and their contempt for money.

I would not be very positive, that some of them have not mistaken for admiration that surprize which is expressed when any person has lost an immense sum. And the mistake may have given them less repugnance to the idea of becoming the objects of admiration in the same way. Afterwards endeavouring to win back what they had so idly lost, the habit has grown by degrees, and at length has become their sole resource from the weariness which those born to great fortunes, and who have not early in life acquired some faculty of amusing themselves, are more prone to fall into than others. Men born to no such expectations,

pectations, whatever their natural dispositions may be, are continually roused from indolence by avocations which admit of no delay. The pursuit of that independence, for which almost every human bosom sighs, and whose value is unknown only to those who have always possessed it, is thought a necessary, and is often found an agreeable employment to the generality of mankind. This, with the other duties of life, is sufficient to engross their time and thoughts, and guard them from *the pains and penalties of idleness*.

As the pursuit of wealth is superfluous in men of rank and fortune, so it would be unbecoming their situation. Being deprived of this, which is so great an object and resource to the rest of mankind, they stand in more need of something to supply its place. I know of nothing which can so completely, and with so much propriety, have this effect, as a taste for letters and love of science. I therefore think these are more essentially necessary to the people of high rank and great fortune, than to those in confined circumstances.

If independence be desired with universal ardor by mankind, the road of science is neither the most certain, nor the shortest way to attain it. But those who are already in possession of this, have infinite need of the other to teach them to enjoy their independence with dignity and satisfaction, and to prevent the gifts of fortune from becoming sources of misery instead of happiness. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have still more occasion for some of the pursuits of science, as resources against the langour of retired or inactive life. Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem, humanissimam ac liberalissimam judicaretis.

This

This love of letters, considered merely as an amusement, and to fill up agreeably the vacant hours of life, I believe to be more essentially necessary to men of great fortune than to those who have none; to men without ambition, than to those who are animated by that active passion; and to the generality of Englishmen more than to the natives of either Germany or France.

The Germans require very little variety. They can bear the languid uniformity of life always with patience, and often with satisfaction. They display an equanimity under disgust that is quite astonishing. The French, though not so celebrated for patience, are, of all mankind, the least liable to despondence. Public affairs, so apt to disturb the repose of many worshipful citizens of London, never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If the arms of France are successful he rejoices with all his heart; if they are unfortunate, he laughs at the commanders with all his soul. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness, and commends her taste; if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another.

No people ever were so fond of amusement and so easily amused. It seems to be the chief object of their lives, and they contrive to draw it from a thousand sources, in which no other people ever thought it could be found. I do not know where I met with the following lines; they are natural and easy, and seem expressive of the conduct and sentiments of the whole French nation.

M'amuser n'importe comment,
 Faire toute ma philosophie.
 Je crois ne perdre aucun moment
 Hors le moment ou je m'ennuie;
 Et je tiens ma tache finie.
 Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement;
 Je me defasse de la vie.

All

All the philosophy I boast
 Is to be gay, no-matter why;
 For I account no moments lost
 Save those which pass in sadness by.
 And I shall think my task well done
 If careless thus thro' life I run.

Our countrymen who have applied to letters, have prosecuted every branch of science as successfully as any of their neighbours. But those of them who study mere amusement, independent of literature of any kind, certainly have not been so happy in their researches as the French. Many things which entertain the latter, seem frivolous and insipid to the former. The English view-objects through a darker medium. Less touched than their neighbours with the gaieties, they are more affected by the vexations of life, under which they are too ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetition of scenes which at first were thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits.

A man of fortune, therefore, who can acquire such a relish for science as will make him rank its pursuits among his amusements, has thereby made an acquisition of more importance to his happiness, than if he had acquired another estate equal in value to his first. I am almost convinced, that a taste of this kind is the only thing which can render a man of fortune (especially if his fortune be very large) tolerably independent and easy through life. Which soever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continually be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view, his mind will be replenished with ideas, and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he
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will still have antidotes against tædium, and (other things being supposed equal) the best chance of passing agreeably through life, that the uncertainty of human events allows to man.

*Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Young Lady, on Reading
for Improvement.*

The writer of this letter was an eminent English Physician, and Moralist, he died 1761.

Madam,

Conformable to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their

their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is— You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects, of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

History,
Morality,
Poetry.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse; so reading being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now,

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in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark, with a pencil, whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others, which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses, which run off the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view, besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

Madam,

Your faithful humble Servant.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby, on the proper Way of keeping Christmas.

Dec. 28, 1724.

It is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats.

They tell me, that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with christmas pyes and plum broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks,

almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as licentiousness and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

OF TRAVELLING.

I DO not intend, in this part of my work to give the descriptive, and narrative letters of travellers; but as this is the time of life, when business or pleasure generally call men from their native country, I have inserted the two following, the first of which, though short, is not without beauty, as a specimen of affectionate valediction, and pithy advice.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. John Hussey.

Dear Sir,

I have sent you the "grammar," and have left you two books more, by which I hope to be remembered; write my name in them; we may, perhaps, see each other no more, you part with my good wishes, nor do I despair of seeing you return. Let no opportunities of vice corrupt you; let no bad example seduce you; let the blindness of Mahometans confirm you in christianity. God bless you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

THE other letter is by the amusing traveller, and instructive moralist, Dr. Moore, which fully shews how much the credit of the country, in the eyes of foreigners, depends on the behaviour of the travellers who leave it; a due consideration of which will, I hope, influence those who are hereafter to travel, to act in such a way as to make impressions in their favour on the minds of those under whose notice they fall.

Dr. Moore to a Friend; on the Character and Behaviour of English Travellers.

Dear Sir,

Since my return from Darmstadt, the weather has been so very bad, that I have passed the time mostly at home. That I may obey your injunctions to write regularly at the stated periods, I will send you the substance of a conversation I had within these few days with

with a foreigner, a man of letters, with whom I am in a considerable degree of intimacy.

This gentleman has never been in England, but he speaks the language a little, understands it very well, and has studied many of our best authors. He said that he had found in some English books, a solidity of reasoning, and a strength of expression, superior to any thing he had met with elsewhere;—that the English history furnished examples of patriotism and zeal for civil liberty, equal to what was recorded in the Greek or Roman story; that English poetry displayed a sublimity of thought, and a knowledge of the human heart, which no writings, ancient or modern, could surpass; and in philosophy it was pretty generally allowed, that the English nation had no rival. He then mentioned the improvements made by Englishmen in medicine and other arts, their superiority in navigation, commerce, and manufactures; and even hinted something in praise of a few English statesmen. He concluded his panegyric by saying, that these considerations had given him the highest idea of the English nation, and had led him to cultivate the acquaintance of many Englishmen whom he had occasionally met on their travels. But he frankly acknowledged, that his connection with these, had not contributed to support the idea he had formed of their nation.

As I had heard sentiments of the same kind insinuated by others, I replied at some length, observing, that if he had lived in the most brilliant period of Roman grandeur, and had accidentally met with a few Romans in Greece or Asia, and had formed his opinion of that illustrious common-wealth from the conduct and conversation of these travellers, his ideas would, in all probability, have been very different from those which the writings of Livy, Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, had given him of the Roman people.—That the manners and behaviour of the few English

he might have met abroad, so far from giving him a just view of the character of the whole nation, very possibly had led him to false conclusions with regard to the character of those very individuals. For that I myself had known many young Englishmen, who, after having led a dissipated, insignificant kind of life while on their travels, and while the natural objects of their ambition were at a distance, had changed their conduct entirely upon their return, applied to business as eagerly as they had formerly launched into extravagance, and had at length become very useful members of the community.

But, continued I, throwing this consideration out of the question, the real character of a people can only be discovered by living among them on a familiar footing, and for a considerable time. This is necessary before we can form a just idea of any nation; but, perhaps, more so with respect to the English, than any other: for in no nation are the education, sentiments, and pursuits of those who travel, so different from those of the people who remain at home.

The first class is composed of a few invalids, a great many young men raw from the university, and some idle men of fortune, void of ambition, and incapable of application, who, every now and then, saunter through Europe, because they know not how to employ their time at home.

The second class is made up of younger brothers, who are bred to the army, navy, the law, and other professions; all who follow commerce, are employed in manufactures or farming; and in one word, all who, not being born to independent fortunes, endeavour to remedy that inconveniency by industry and the cultivation of their talents.

England is the only country in Europe whose inhabitants never leave it in search of fortune. There are, moderately speaking, twenty Frenchmen in London,

don, for every Englishman at Paris. By far the greater part of those Frenchmen travel to get money, and almost all the English to spend it. But we should certainly be led into great errors, by forming an idea of the character of the French nation, from that of the French fiddlers, dancing masters, dentists, and valet de chambres, to be met with in England, or other parts of Europe.

The gentleman acknowledged, that it would be unfair to decide on the French character, from that of their fiddlers and dancing masters; but added, that he did not perceive that the English should reasonably complain, should foreigners form an idea of their national character from the men of fortune, rank, and the most liberal education of their island.

I answered, they certainly would, because young men of high rank and great fortune carry a set of ideas along with them from their infancy, which very often disappoint the purposes of the best education. Let a child of high rank be brought up with all the care and attention the most judicious parents and masters can give; let him be told, that personal qualities alone can make him truly respectable; that the fortuitous circumstances of birth and fortune afford no just foundation for esteem; that knowledge and virtue are the true sources of honor and happiness; that idleness produces vice and misery; that without application he cannot acquire knowledge; and that without knowledge he will dwindle into insignificance, in spite of rank and fortune: let these things be inculcated with all the power of persuasion; let them be illustrated by example, and insinuated by fable and allegory; yet, do we not daily see the effect of all this counteracted by the insinuations of servants and base sycophants, who give an importance to far different qualities, and preach a much more agreeable doctrine?—

They make eternal allusions in all their discourse

and behaviour to the great estate the young spark is one day to have, and the great man he must be, independent of any effort of his own. They plainly insinuate, if they do not directly say it, that study and application, though proper enough for hospital boys, is unnecessary, or, perhaps, unbecoming, a man of fashion. They talk with rapture of the hounds, hunters, and race-horses of one great man; of the rich liveries, and brilliant equipage of another; and extol, above all others, those who possess that first of virtues, liberality to their servants. They tell their young master, that his rank and estate entitle him to have finer hounds, horses, liveries, and equipage than either, and to be more liberal to his servants; and consequently a greater man in every respect. This kind of poison, being often poured upon the young sprouts of fortune and quality, gradually blasts the vigour of the plants, and renders all care and cultivation ineffectual.

If we suppose that domestics of another character could be placed about a boy of high rank, and every measure taken to inspire him with other sentiments; he cannot stir abroad, he cannot go into company, without perceiving his own importance and the attention that is paid to him. His childish pranks are called spirited actions; his pert speeches are converted into boir mots; and when reproved or punished by his parent or master, ten to one but some obsequious intermeddler will tell him that he has suffered great injustice.

The youth, improving all this to the purposes of indolence and vanity, arrives at length at the comfortable persuasion, that study or application of any kind would in him be superfluous; that he ought only to seek amusement, for, at the blessed age of twenty-one, distinction, deference, admiration, and all other good things, will be added unto him.

A young man, on the other hand, who is born to

no

no such expectations, has no sycophants around him to pervert his understanding; when he behaves improperly, he instantly sees the marks of disapprobation on every countenance: He daily meets with people who inform him of his faults without ceremony or circumlocution. He perceives that nobody cares for his bad humour or caprice, and very naturally concludes that he had best correct his temper. He finds that he is apt to be neglected in company, and that the only remedy for this inconveniency will be the rendering himself agreeable. He loves affluence, distinction, and admiration, as well as the rich and great, but becomes fully convinced that he can never obtain even the shadow of them, otherwise than by useful and ornamental acquirements. The truth of those precepts, which is proved by rhetoric, and syllogism to the boy of fortune, is *experimentally* felt by him who has no fortune; and the difference which this makes is infinite.

So that the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune has a probability of knowing more of the world at the age of sixteen, and of having a juster notion of peoples sentiments of him, than a youth of very high rank at a much more advanced age; for it is very difficult for any person to find out that he is despised while he continues to be flattered.

So far, therefore, from being surprized that dissipation, weakness, and ignorance, are so prevalent among those who are born to great fortunes and high rank, we ought to be astonished to see so great a number of men of virtue, diligence, and genius, among them as there is. And if the number be proportionably greater in England than in any other country, which I believe is the case, this must proceed from the impartial discipline of our public schools, and the equitable treatment which boys of the greatest rank receive from their comrades. Sometimes the natural manly sentiments they acquire from

their school companions, serve as an antidote against the childish, sophistical notions with which weak or disigning men endeavour to inspire them in after life.

The nature of the British constitution contributes also to form a greater number of men of talents, among the wealthy and the great, than are to be found in other countries; because it opens a wider field for ambition than any other government, and ambition excites those exertions which produce talents.

But, continued I, you must acknowledge that it would be improper to form a judgment of the English genius, by samples taken from men who have greater temptations to indolence, and fewer spurs to application, than others. My disputant still contested the point, and asserted, that high birth gave a native dignity and elevation to the mind; that distinctions and honours were originally introduced into families by eminent abilities and great virtues; that when a man of illustrious birth came into a company, or even when his name was mentioned, this naturally raised a recollection of the great actions and shining qualities of the eminent person who had first acquired these honors; that a consciousness of this must naturally stimulate the present possessor to imitate the virtues of his ancestors; that his degenerating would subject him to the highest degree of censure, as the world could not, without indignation, behold indolence and vice adorned with the rewards of activity and virtue.

I might have disputed this assertion, that honors and titles are always the rewards of virtue; and could have produced abundance of instances of the opposite proposition. But I allowed that they often were so, and that hereditary honours in a family ought always to have, and sometimes had the effect, which he supposed: but these concessions being made in their fullest

fullest extent, still he would do injustice to the English, by forming a judgment of their national character, from what he had observed of the temper, manners, and genius of those Englishmen with whom he had been acquainted, in foreign countries; because three-fourths of them were, in all probability, men of fortune, without having family or high birth to boast of; so that they had the greatest inducements to indolence, without possessing the motives to virtuous exertions, which influence people of high rank.—For though it rarely happened in other countries, it was very common in England for men of all the various professions, and trades to accumulate very great fortunes, which, at their death, falling to their sons, these young men, without having had a suitable education, immediately set up for gentlemen, and run over Europe in the characters of *mi-lords Anglois*, game, purchase pictures, mutilated statues, and mistresses, to the astonishment of all beholders: and conscious of the blot in their escutcheon, they think it is incumbent on them to wash it out, and make up for the impurity of their blood, by plunging deeper into the ocean of extravagance than is necessary for a man of hereditary fashion.

Here our conversation ended, and the gentleman promised that he would abide by the idea he had formed of the English nation, from the works of Milton, Locke, and Newton, and the characters of Raleigh, Hamden, and Sidney.

OF EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FRIENDS.

ONE of the most agreeable effects of a friendship judiciously formed, is the frequency of epistolary correspondence, which carries through life the intimacy

macy of youth, and is a perpetual source of gratifying recollections. The many volumes of wit and morality which adorn our language, and are derived from the letters of individuals, are the best proofs how honorable and advantageous a regular correspondence may be made.

It frequently happens, amongst young people in particular, that punctuality is, for a time neglected, and the consequence is, that instead of making haste to repair the omission, by an immediate apology, the defaulter, from a principle of shame, and afterwards of false pride, perseveres in his omission, till the bonds of friendship are intirely broken, without the least animosity on either side. The only means of keeping alive the warmth of friendship in absence is by an epistolary intercourse; that neglected, no warmth of esteem is able to resist the unvarying effect of time, which by the introduction of new connections, new scenes of pleasure, and new circumstances of embarrassment, must necessarily supercede an interest, which the holder is too indolent, or too busy to claim.

Letter from Mr. West to Mr. Gray, soliciting his Correspondence.

Christ-church, Nov. 14, 1735.

You use me very cruelly: you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked
hand

hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to

Your's, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively*, a history of your own time.

From James Howell to Mr. R. S. on his neglecting to answer his Letters.

Lond. 19th July,
the 1st of the Dogdays, 1626.

Sir,

I sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered; I sent another of the 13th like a second arrow, to find out the first, but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to complain, and more if you remember me: to forget, may proceed from the frailty of memory; not to

* Alluding to Bishop Burnet's History, who was Mr. West's grandfather.

answer me when you mind me, is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest yours easily to be recovered.

Ira furor brevis; brevis est mea littera; cogor,
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.

From a Gentleman who had long neglected a Correspondence, to his Friend.

Dear Sir,

When I look back to the date of your two last, and reflect on the length of time they have remained unanswered, I feel the most poignant sensations of shame and regret; I will not aggravate the impropriety of my omission, by amusing you with childish excuses of illness, and business, but confess that an unaccountable negligence, and foolish habit of procrastination, have made me so inattentive. I throw myself on your kindness to excuse this omission, to renew our interrupted correspondence, and must intreat you not to consider me as deficient in friendship for you, though appearance goes so far towards my condemnation in that particular.

I beg it with an ill grace, but as my ease of mind depends on it, must request you to favour me with an answer to this as soon as possible, let me know every thing which interests you, or has done so since you wrote last; I have many things to communicate, but am resolved to devote this letter to apology alone, and to the purpose of assuring you how sincerely I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,
and humble Servant,

From

From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, in answer to repeated requests that he would write.

Dear Sir,

Why should you importune me so earnestly to write? Of what importance can it be to hear of distant friends, to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, any thing can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.

I am glad that you have made the round of Litchfield with so much success: the oftener you are seen, the more you will be liked; it was pleasing to me to read that Mrs. Aston was so well; and that Lucy Porter was so glad to see you.

In the place where you now are, there is much to be observed; and you will easily procure yourself skilful directors. But what will you do to keep away the *black dog* that worries you at home? If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, enquire into the old tenures, and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the middle ages. The feudal system, in a country half barbarous, is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to image the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy nor negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found.

We have, I think, once talked of another project,
L 6 a history

a history of the late insurrection in Scotland, with all its incidents. Many falsehoods are passing into uncontradicted history. Voltaire, who loved a striking story, has told what he could not find to be true.

You may make collections for either of these projects, or for both, as opportunities occur, and digest your materials at leisure. The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this, *be not solitary; be not idle*: which I would thus modify;—if you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

There is a letter for you from,

Your humble Servant,

S. J.

ON the base and villainous practice of opening the letters of another without permission, I shall make no observation, the following anecdote from the Spectator, shews it in a proper light, and points out a mode of punishment, as effectual, and more consistent with reason and christianity, than the brutal and ridiculous equalization of right and wrong by a recourse to the pistol or small sword.

Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple, about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his addresses privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement,

ment, receiving Trap in the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to suspect the epistolary correspondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignations. After much anxiety and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap, at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprized to find the inside directed to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows:

Mr. Stint,

You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expence of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I, therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than
that

that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner, while you yourself cannot in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of

Your injured Friend,

W. Trap.

CHAPTER IV.

MATURITY.

THIS division of my work will be taken up by such topics as occur in that period which intervenes between the attainment of maturity in person and intellect, and the declension of life, "into the fear and yellow of the leaf;" and I shall devote my first section to the important subject of

LOVE.

I ENTERTAIN no doubt that this portion of my performance will first meet the eye, and engage the attention of my readers, and that a great diversity of opinions will prevail on my manner of treating this passion; as many, in fact, as difference of age and disposition can create on any subject, in which all have an interest by recollection, fruition, or anticipation.

It would be easy to fill a very large volume with the letters of lovers, without illustrating the topic of love; because every difference of circumstances and situation, however slight, makes a very material one in the commencement, progress, and effects of the passion. The letters of lovers are said to be agreeable to themselves alone, because no person or thing is mentioned in them but themselves; this observation is in some degree true, for the explanation of passion begins in egotism, proceeds in complaint, crimination, exculpation and compliment, and ends, if fortunately, in self-gratulation, if otherwise, in self-

self-defence; but when the correspondence of lovers continues, as is sometimes the case, during a long series of time, these topics must become barren, and equally tiresome to the writer and reader; they must then not form the basis of the feast, but be used merely to give a zest or flavor.

Lovers, in general, injure their cause in the eyes of the prudent by unlimited protestations, extravagant exaggerations, and absurd hyperboles; things unpardonable in any person of moderate judgment, and which must proceed either from folly, or a wish to deceive. Of this nature is the use of the fables of the mythology, against the reception of which I particularly caution my female readers, as they are never used but to conceal a total vacuity of sentiment, or such ideas as cannot meet a modest eye, but in so fantastic a masquerade. For example, if a lover says a great deal about the indiscriminate attacks of the blind archer, the unerring shafts of his quiver, the depth of the wound they make in his heart; talks of the judgment of Paris, the descent of Orpheus, or the complaisance of Hercules to Omphale; it is fair to conclude that he means nothing but to display his reading, and feels no sentiment but ostentatious vanity. If, on the contrary, flames and burning are his favorite metaphors, and his allusions frequently tend to the amours of the rabble of heathen divinities, it is to be presumed that he wishes to insinuate what the dread of virtue prevents him from pronouncing directly; and that by familiarizing the mind of his correspondent to parallel cases, he means to facilitate the reception of ideas, the first approach of which, in the hideousness of their genuine form, would be repulsed with merited indignation.

In writing of love letters, the style ought to be perspicuous and elegant; the homage to beauty, wit, and talents, must be paid with ardor and point; and the

the protestations of affection have strength enough to prevent their being deemed vapid, and moderation enough to prevent their being thought insincere. In the progress of correspondence, no subject is too light or too heavy to introduce; the slightest levities of a vacant hour, and the most solemn results of business, study, and devotion, are acceptable, and assume a consequence and value from being animated by that spirit which vivifies and gives character to the minutest act of the person possessing it. The promissory parts ought to be made with a strict regard to probability of power, and inclination to the performance; and the complimentary parts should, in spite of the dictates of gallantry, and the promptings of passion, be restrained by the strictest rules of truth, reason, and permanent applicability.

Interest is often a very great stumbling block in the progress of mutual passion; the old consider it too much, the young too little; passion perverts the latter, a forgetfulness of its effects the former: but passion leads into greater, and more irreparable errors, than extreme prudence; for which reason, the advice of seniors, of parents particularly, ought to be sought with ardor, and implicitly followed, on a topic of so much importance.

*Letter from Le Chevalier d'H—— to Mr. O——
his Cousin.*

THIS letter is taken from the *Lettres Galantes* of M. Fontenelle, a very celebrated French author, and universal genius; he was member of the Royal Academy, and died at Paris in 1756, aged upwards of an hundred. His most famous work is "The Plurality of Worlds," a series of dialogues, on subjects of natural philosophy.

You

You distress me extremely; my dear cousin, by asking my advice on your affairs. On one hand, you are violently in love; on the other, your father threatens to disinherit you if you marry the object of your passion. Indeed I know not what advice to give. Two lines of conduct are presented to your choice, *the heroic*, which is, to sacrifice every thing to your love; and *the vulgar*, which is, not to give up fifteen thousand livres a year for a mistress.

Inclination will doubtless lead you to play the hero, but the difficulty does not lie in performing the part at present, but sustaining it in future. I would advise you to give way to your greatness of soul, if you were sure it would not forsake you, but that is not to be depended on; perhaps it may leave you the moment the business is completed. In a word, one may be tired of heroism, but can never be tired of riches. You cannot produce an instance of fifteen thousand livres a year, unable to fix the inconstancy of mankind, as beauties are.

I am aware that you will think these arguments very gross, and that all the metaphysicians in the art of love will contradict them; but I am sorry my experience in the world does not permit me to retain sentiments which I, as well as you, think more noble and more delicate. It is not my fault if I do not believe that love alone is sufficient to constitute human felicity; I am very desirous to entertain such a belief; but why has love, within my own knowledge, deceived a thousand persons, who had relied on his promises, to enable them to live happily without other assistance? And if love is generally deceitful in his promises of happiness, when is he more to be expected to be so than when he forces us to a strict system of economy?

You perhaps expect that you will find a thousand endearments, and instances of complaisance, in the person

person you marry, because she will owe every thing to a man who has made a sacrifice of his fortune for her sake; but take care that this very circumstance does not spoil your prospects. It may very easily happen that she may not come up to your idea of the obligation conferred. I should be very sorry to have a wife to whom I was intitled to make such reproaches as you may make to yours. It appears to me a great unhappiness to have any other causes of complaint than those which naturally arise out of matrimony. The duties of a wife are already too numerous; why then should you desire to encrease them? You do not know what a torment it will be to you never to dare to complain of her; you will be obliged, in order to maintain, with honor, the election you have made, to appear always delighted at her conduct towards you, even when it is such as to torture your soul. For my own part, I must confess, that I would not on any account be abridged of my right of complaining of my wife whenever I thought proper.

Think a little of these arguments, my dear cousin; but before you make up your mind on the business, abstain from reading romances.

I have not given you a sermon in the harsh style of a father or angry uncle; my little share of wisdom does not entitle me to speak in that manner, and yet I think I have urged every topic which would have been enforced by persons much wiser, and more ill-humoured than myself.

I am, my dear Cousin,

Your sincere and affectionate Friend.

THE chief merit of the above letter is, that it is written in that easy style which takes away from advice every appearance of a claim of superiority; and is more likely to force its way in the mind of an ingenuous young man, than the more formal admonitions

nitions with which they are sometimes assailed. The impropriety of sacrificing interest to passion in too great a degree is sufficiently apparent; and the manner in which a pretended lover should be treated, whose views are to pecuniary advantage only, is pointed out with great pleasantry in the following

*Letter from the Rev. Mr. Sterne to Mr. W*****

Coxwold, May 23, 1763.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house, with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some *Dulcinea* in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—“*l'amour*” (say they) “*n'est rien sans sentiment*.”—Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annex'd to it—And so much for that same subject called love.—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune, in France, who took a liking to my daughter—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word, that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on his *side*—My answer was, “Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—
the

she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and, as I fear, you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.”—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refusal. I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate’s wife—as soon as I can, I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier, than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Your’s sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

It is particularly to be recommended, both to young ladies, and those interested in their future welfare, to study with the utmost attention and care the character, general conduct, and turn of mind of those who make their addresses to them; for, though love sometimes works miracles in altering the evil propensities of his votaries, yet such effects are not to be expected every day. The seven following letters are interesting in themselves, and shew the terrible consequences of a relapse from the height of virtue to which an honorable passion may raise a ferocious and vicious mind. The six first exhibit the violence of love in the bosom of a capricious tyrant; of the last, Mr. Addison says, “I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Ann of Boulogne, wife of Henry VIII. and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which

is

is still extant in the Cotton library, as written by her own hand. Shakespeare himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character; one sees in it the expostulation of a flighted lover, the resentment of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen."

King Henry VIII. to Ann Bullen.

My sweetheart and friend,

I and my heart put themselves into your hands, begging of you to take them to your good favour; and that, by my being absent from you, your affection may not be diminished towards them; for it would be a great pity to augment their pain; for absence gives me enough, and more than ever, and more than I could have thought; and calls to my remembrance a point of astronomy, which is this, that by how much farther the Moors are distant from the sun, the heat is notwithstanding more fervent; so it is with our love: for though we are personally distant from each other, the heat of love remains, at least on our side, and I hope the same on yours; assuring you that the anxiety of absence is already too great; and when I think of the augmentation thereof, which I must still suffer, if it was not for the firm hope I have of your inviolable affection towards me; to put you in remembrance of that, since I cannot be personally with you at present, I send you the nearest likeness to it I can, to wit, my picture set in bracelets, the only device which I have left, wishing myself in their place whenever it shall please you.

Written by the hand of

Your Servant and Friend.

To the same.

The uneasiness I bore, by being uncertain of your health, gave me a great deal of trouble; nor could I enjoy any quiet without knowing the truth: but as you have as yet felt nothing, I hope I may assure you that you will escape* it, as I hope we have; for we were at Waltham, where two ushers, two valets de chambre, your brother, and master treasurer fell sick, but are now perfectly recovered; since which we betook ourselves to your house at Hondson, where, God be praised, we are very well for the present; and I believe, if you will retire from Surry, as we have done, you will escape it without any danger. And to give you still greater comfort, I am informed, of a truth, that very few or no women have fell sick, but none of our court, and that very few in these parts have died; wherefore I beg of you, my dearly beloved, to harbour no fear, nor to give yourself uneasiness at our absence: for wheresoever I am, I am yours. Notwithstanding we must sometimes obey the will of fortune; for who will, in some things, strive against her, are often drove the farthest back; wherefore comfort yourself, and be courageous, and sling away all evil as far as you can. I hope soon to make you sing the return. Time, at present, will let me write no more, but that I wish myself in your arms, to ease you of your just thoughts. Written by the hand of him who is, and ever shall be,

Your's.

* The sweating sickness.

To the same.

The examining the contents of your letters put me into a very great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as in some others I understand; begging of you, with a sincere heart, to inform me of your intentions, in regard to the love between us. Necessity obliges me to insist on this answer, having, for more than a year past, been pierced by a dart of love, not being assured where to find place in your heart and affection; which certain last point has guarded me a little while in this, not to call you my mistress, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you; for that denotes a singularity vastly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the part of a truly loyal mistress and friend, give yourself body and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your most loyal servant. If with rigour you do not forbid me, I promise, that not only the name shall be due to you, but likewise take you for my mistress; rejecting and treating others, in comparison of you, far from thought and affection, and to serve you only; begging of you to give me a full answer to this rude letter, on which, and in which I may trust. But if you do not please to give an answer in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and with a willing heart I will meet you at the place. No more, for fear of incommoding you. Written with the hand of him who would willingly remain

Your's.

To

To the same.

I heartily thank you for your handsome present, than which, well weighing the whole, nothing is more beautiful, not only for the beautiful diamond, and vessel in which the solitary damsel is tossed; but principally for the beautiful interpretation and most humble submission, by your goodness in this case made use of, well thinking, that to merit this by opportunity will be very difficult, if your great humanity and favour did not assist me, for which, I have watched, watch, and will watch all opportunities of retaliation possible; to remain in which, my whole hope has placed its immutable intention, which says, *aut illic, aut nullibi*.

The demonstrances of your affection are such, the beautiful words, the letters so affectionately couched, which, in truth, oblige for ever to honour you, love and serve you; begging of you to continue in this firm and constant purpose, on my part assuring you, that I will rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if loyalty of heart, desire of pleasing you, without any other motive, may advance it; praying you, that if any time heretofore I have given you offence, that you would give me the same pardon that you ask; assuring you, that for the future my heart shall be wholly dedicated to you, much desiring that the body might be also, as God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I beg once a day to do it, hoping that, in time, my prayers may be heard, wishing the time to be short, thinking it very long to our review. Written by the hand of my secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is

Your loyal and most assured Servant,

To the same.

Approaching near the time, which has seemed so long to me, I rejoice the more, because it seems to me almost come, notwithstanding the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons are met; which meeting is more desired on my part than any worldly thing: for what satisfaction can be so great in this world, as to enjoy the company of one's most dearly beloved, knowing that she has the same pleasure on her side? The thought of which gives me a deal of pleasure; then judge what must the person do, whose absence has given me more heart-achings than tongue or writing can express, and which nothing but her presence can remedy? Begging you, my dear, to tell your father on my part, to come two days before the time appointed, that he may be at court before, or at least on the day fixed; for otherwise I shall think that he made not the course of the amorous, nor answered my expectation. No more at present, for want of time: hoping very soon that, by word of mouth, I shall tell you the pains I have suffered during your absence. Written by the hand of my secretary, who wishes himself now privately with you, who is, and ever will be,

Your loyal and most assured Servant.

To the same.

Darling,

These shall be only to advertise you, that this bearer and his fellow be dispatched with as many things to compass our matter, and to bring it to pass, as our wits could imagine or devise; which brought to pass, as I trust by their diligence it shall be

be shortly, you and I shall have our desired end, which should be more to my heart's ease, and more quietness to my mind than any other thing in this world, as, with God's grace, shortly I trust shall be proved; but not so soon as I would it were. Yet I will insure you there shall be no time lost that may be won, and further cannot be done, for *ultra posse non est esse*. Keep him not too long with you; but desire him, for your sake, to make the more speed: for the sooner we shall have word from him, the sooner shall our matter come to pass. And thus, upon trust of your short repair to London, I make an end of my letter, mine own sweetheart. Written with the hand of him, who desireth as much to be yours, as you do to have him.

Queen Ann Bullen to King Henry.

Sir,

Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which

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name

name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find: for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame) then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignomy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto your Grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your
great

great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleading in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the tower, the 6th of May.

Your most loyal,

And ever faithful Wife,

Anne Bullen.

DECLARATIONS of love, whether to the object of the passion, or those interested in their welfare, are amongst the most embarrassing topics of correspondence which can be imagined; I shall give a few specimens, from which a general idea may be formed of the manner in which such sentiments ought to be communicated; and cannot help repeating here that the simplicity of affection shewn in the first of the following letters, though divested of every appearance of elegance of composition, or gracefulness of style, is far preferable to those studied effusions which breathe nothing but affectation and vanity.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body sometimes, when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard of land in our field but it is as well worth ten pound a year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for. Besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, peace be with her soul, the good old gentlewoman has left me a good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to well.

Your loving Servant till death,

Mister Gabriel Bullock,

(now my Father is dead.)

THE above is a genuine letter, written by a substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, and given to Sir Richard Steele by Mr. Browne Willis, the antiquary.

Letter

*Letter from a Gentleman to a Lady, disclosing his
Passion.*

Madam,

Those only who have suffered them, can tell the unhappy moments of hesitative uncertainty which attend the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection; I, who have felt their greatest, and most acute torments, could not previous to my experience, have formed the remotest idea of their severity. Every one of those qualities in you which claimed my admiration, increased my diffidence by shewing the great risque I run, in venturing, perhaps before my affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you.

Our acquaintance has not been momentary, rashly formed, and slightly cemented, but has "grown with our growth," and from a constant contemplation of your increasing amiabilities, I am sensible that you alone can form the felicity of my future life. A passion formed on such a basis, and secured by such motives, can hardly fail of being permanent, and should it be my good fortune, by means of the most tender attentions to render it reciprocal, I shall consider myself the happiest of men, in the certain prospect of permanent bliss.

My family and connections are so well known to you, that I need say nothing of them; if I am disappointed of the place I hope to hold in your affection, I trust this step will not draw on me the risque of losing the friendship of yourself and family, which I value so highly that an object less ardently desired, or really estimable, could not induce me to take a step by which it should be, in any manner hazarded.

I am, Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer, and sincere Friend.

M 4

The

The Answer.

Sir,

I acknowledge without loss of time the receipt of your letter, and the obligations I feel to you for the sentiments expressed in it; and assure you, that whatever may be the event of your solicitations in another quarter, the sentiments of friendship I feel, from a long acquaintance with you will not be, in any manner altered.

Neither etiquette or propriety can subject the mind to the degrading necessity of prevarication or falsehood, and I should be guilty of both were I to deny that the tenor of your past behavior has been such, as to raise you in my esteem, much above the level of the rest of my acquaintance. The frankness of this declaration must guarantee my sincerity in what I am about to add; there are many points besides mere personal regard to be considered, in the formation of a connexion for life, which must be either exquisitely happy, or poignantly miserable. With respect to these, I must refer to the superior knowledge of my father and brother, and if the result of their inquiries is such as my *presentiments*, and I will add, my wishes, suggest, I have no doubt my happiness will be attended to by a permission to decide for myself.

At all events, I shall never cease to feel obliged by a preference, in itself sufficiently flattering, and rendered still more so by the handsome manner in which it is expressed; and I hope, if my parents should see cause to decline the proposed favor of your alliance, it will not produce such disunion between our families, as to deprive us of friends who possess a great portion of our esteem, and regard.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and sincere Friend,

And humble Servant.

From

From a Gentleman to a Lady, after a short Acquaintance, and previous to a temporary separation.

My necessary absence from this place involves me in circumstances of embarrassment I never experienced on any former occasion, as it compels me, rather precipitately, perhaps, to address my dear Emma on a topic which comprehends my whole scheme of future happiness.

I trust my behaviour has not been so vague or general in the course of our acquaintance, as to give no index to my thoughts, or to render this step, though premature, intirely unexpected: for a person favored with your company as I have been, to feel the sentiments I feel, cannot be deemed matter of surprise; if my presumption in expressing them exceeds reasonable expectation, I must claim the privilege of a lover, to indulge the unreasonable reveries of hope; but, I have a more firm reliance on your candor and strength of mind, which will scorn the paltry assistance of art, and give attention to the merits of my cause, though unskillfully pleaded, and ungraciously introduced.

From my acquaintance with your mind, sentiments, and talents, I am led to believe that you exclusively can render my future life happy, and, under the influence of those ideas, I offer myself a candidate for your preference; the attempt is daring, but the reward is great.

If any correspondence of sentiment induces you to favor my wishes, I shall anxiously wait your instructions as to the manner of communicating them to your family; if not, and I am compelled to resign my hopes on this subject, I think I hardly need caution a mind so gentle and humane, to receive, even a disagreeable proposal without contempt, and reject it without harshness.

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I will offer no apology for not adopting a conduct I am sure you would despise; I have not stained the page of love with glittering compliments or general professions, the tender of my heart, the most I can give, and the risque of my felicity, the most I can lose, must evince my sincerity.

I know absence deprives me of the greatest advantage a lover can possess, that of personally enforcing his suit, but as I do not wish to avail myself of an extorted moment of tenderness, but to lay the foundation of a series of affectionate sentiments, I am rather pleased that I shall receive no answer but such as will have been prompted by mature reflection and deliberation.

I am, my dear Emma,

Your's most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. The time of my absence is limited to three weeks, at the end of which I shall hope for your answer.

The Answer.

I received your letter, my worthy friend, a few days since; I will not do so much injustice either to your assiduities, or my own discernment, to say the purport of it was intirely unexpected. There are instances when mere gallantry is made to wear the form of love, at the hazard of the person's feelings so trifled with; but when I read your character, dissimulation had no place in it; I mention this, not only as a gratification to you, but to take off the imputation of vanity from my supposing myself possessed of your affection.

The high opinion you have formed of me, and the very superior confidence you suppose me to deserve, fill my mind with the truest gratitude, and demand

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the utmost candor and sincerity; and though it may sometimes call forth the blush of female delicacy to avow sentiments of mutual approbation, yet there are periods when propriety compels such a disclosure: I will ingenuously confess that there appears a similarity in our dispositions, which I flatter myself may produce happiness: in this essential point, the prospect appears pleasing, but there are others remain which must, at present, continue in an uncertain state, and of which I can be but an incompetent judge.

Whenever I make the important change, my whole system of happiness will depend on that particular event of my life, and, as it would be the study of my future existence, to render the person happy with whom I should be united, so it would be the extreme of wretchedness, if I did not meet with reciprocal attention. You cannot therefore be surprized if I look forward with caution to a state which admits of no mediocrity, but must either make me the most happy of beings, or the most miserable. Our acquaintance has yet been but short, but should we experience a continuation of it, I hope we shall find it additionally valuable, and I trust you will ever find in me that gentleness of disposition you at present think I possess, and which will always increase by tenderness and affection.

You request my instructions as to what manner you shall communicate your wishes to my family: before you put such a measure in practice, I should rather have some conversation with you personally, soon after your return, as a plan may then be formed to introduce the subject to their attention, more satisfactorily than can be done by letter, as I would on no account impose on you a task which would be extremely distressing, if not well received.

Though it affords me the most exalted felicity to confer it on another, yet let me intreat you not to be greatly elated by the encouragement I have

given to your wishes; the matter still rests upon uncertainty; and inclination must too frequently be subservient to prudence: I offer this hint that you may be the better prepared should a disappointment terminate the subject in agitation.

I was hurt you should deem it necessary to caution me against a harsh rejection of your proposal; I should detest myself if I were capable of treating the feelings of another with contempt, more especially when so decided a preference is paid me; but I guess the source of your reflection, and forgive it.

I thank you for the mode you have pursued of disclosing your sentiments, and have replied to them with the maturest deliberation. I feel anxious to hear you had a pleasant journey, and are returned well.

I am,

Your grateful and obliged Friend.

From a Gentleman to a Young Lady of superior Fortune.

Madam,

I can no longer do so great violence to my inclinations, and injustice to your charms and merits, as to retain within my own breast those sentiments of esteem and affection with which you have inspired me.

I should have hazarded this discovery much sooner, but was restrained by a dread of meeting censure for my presumption in aspiring to the possession of a lady, whom beauty, wit, and fortune have conspired to raise so high above my reasonable expectations. The two former, though incomparably more valuable in my eyes, did not create so much diffidence as the latter: your beauty receives its highest finish, from that unalterable serenity, and good nature, which not only inspire love, but dispel fear: and your wit, scorning the

the aid of frowardness, or what is often called a satirical turn, is never used adversariously, unless to repel impertinence, or depress self sufficiency; these then could not be the cause of my embarrassment, but the dread of the imputation a man must submit to, who makes his addresses to a Lady much his superior in point of fortune, has been the cause of many moments and hours of indescribable agony and suspense.

You have judgment enough both of your own good qualities, and the characters of those with whom you converse, to make a proper estimate of my sincerity on this occasion, but others may judge through another medium, and as I risque all my happiness in the event of this application, I fear every circumstance which may prove an impediment to the attainment of my wishes. I am above deceit, and have not, therefore, at any period of our acquaintance, pretended to be a man of greater property than I am, which conduct I hope will tend to convince you of my general sincerity; believe me, my dearest A—, were our circumstances reversed, I should hardly take to myself the credit of doing a generous action, in overlooking the consideration of wealth, and making you an unreserved tender of my hand and fortune. I shall await your answer in a state of most miserable impatience, and therefore rely on your humanity not to keep me long in suspense.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

The Answer.

Sir,

Giving you credit as I do, for an elevation of mind, capable of the most generous sentiments, I cannot believe you guilty of the meanness of speculating on the

the heart of a Lady, with a view to her property; and knowing your accomplished manners, and cultivated understanding, I feel the greatest obligation to you for the polite and affectionate declaration contained in your letter. I acknowledge myself pleased by a preference so much to my credit, and interested for the success of a suit in which my own happiness is involved; but in an affair of so much importance, I cannot be guided by my own predilection alone, but must refer myself intirely to the discretion of my father, not doubting that if your character turns out unexceptionable, as I feel confident it will, the difference of fortune will be so modified, as not to form an insuperable obstacle to our union. At the same time, I must caution you against feeling hurt at minute inquiries, and resolute objections, which may perhaps be made; young people think too little of wealth, old ones, *perhaps*, too much; but I know my father's prudence and kindness so well, as to pledge myself to abide by his final decision whatever pain it may cost me. Yet I advise you not to despair of success, as you will find a warm, and zealous advocate in

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant.

The Gentleman's Letter to the Lady's Father.

Dear Sir,

The topic on which I am about to address you is of the most serious importance, and fills me with confusion and fear, for, as a rejection of my request would, besides the very severe disappointment of my hopes, imply a censure of my presumption, I should labour under the double distress which such a concurrence must produce.

To expatiate on the virtues and amiable qualities of your daughter must, on this occasion, be an useless effort.

effort. The favor I solicit of being permitted for ever to unite myself to them, will, I hope and trust, sufficiently convince you of my sense of them, and, I am persuaded, no eulogium of mine can make her appear more amiable or valuable in your eyes. My admiration has increased with the term of our acquaintance; judging of yours by the same principle, it can receive no accumulation from any thing I can advance.

From a serious man who is requested to fix, by his determination, the fate of such a daughter for life, I must necessarily expect the strictest inquiries into my character and circumstances, therefore to say a little on those points, will not, I trust, be deemed an impertinent egotism, but merely a candid inclination to satisfy or direct those inquiries.

So early in that part of life which can be denominated active, it cannot be supposed I can have acquired a very brilliant professional character; the absence of blame is all that can be expected; the increasing confidence of my friends, and the general satisfaction of those with whom I have had any professional intercourse, afford me the most flattering, as well as advantageous assurance of that being unexceptionable. The moral character of almost every individual, is involved in a degree of mystery which the longest acquaintance can hardly develope, or I should, without hesitation, appeal to your own discernment and candor, to do me justice in that particular. Actions form the only criterion to judge by; in those I can boldly assert myself free from criminal imputation, and I can refer to persons whose situations in life exempt them from suspicion, and who have known me from a time of life when hypocrisy was impossible, and, if practicable, of no advantage, for a testimony of my propriety of conduct.

With respect to my circumstances, I can, with very little pain to myself, state the exact truth. I
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rely on my talents for my support and advancement in life: of those, and their sufficiency, you are, doubtless, a competent judge; for me then to descant on them; and, from a narrative of the past, to state my hopes of the future, must appear mere ostentation. My prospect is, at present, without a cloud; I look back with pleasure, and forward with increased confidence: an event, which, according to reasonable probabilities, must soon take place, will put me in possession of a considerable sum of money, and if that does not happen so soon as I may expect, yet those resources by which I have been enabled hitherto to maintain myself, cannot fail me. I state these things, Sir, merely to obviate any idea which might arise in your mind, that my motives for this address are merely mercenary. I assure you, most solemnly, that is not the case. The possession of a Lady, so every way qualified to make life happy as your daughter, and an alliance with a family where so many social virtues are concentrated, chiefly influence my wishes.

I acknowledge that the man who courts such an alliance, ought reasonably to be expected to bring something more than a character free from reproach, and a heart fraught with affection. The consciousness of this gives me the most heartfelt pain; but I rely on your sensibility and philanthropy to overlook that deficiency which does not result from any fault, or could have been prevented or averted by any exertion of mine. At all events, if I am not to succeed in my present application, I had rather attribute my miscarriage to that than any other cause; and I entreat you to believe that I am not so blinded by self-love, that any termination this matter may take can alter those sentiments with which I shall always be proud to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant.

The

The Answer.

Dear Sir,

Whatever event may attend your solicitations, it is incumbent on me to acknowledge the obligation I am under to you, as a gentleman, for the very tender and affectionate attention you display towards my dear Anna, as well as polite partiality for our whole family.

I have considered, and reconsidered the purport of your letter, but must confess that I wish it had been more explanatory with respect to your affairs; you will therefore excuse me, Sir, if I beg to receive, in your answer to this letter, plain, positive, and categorical replies to the following questions, which I think it necessary for me to propole; and I leave it to your own reflection, whether, when you consider me as the father of a treasure of such ineffimable value in your eye, I ought not to be acquainted with the minutest particular, relative to your expectancies; the average of your professional income; and your moral character.

First then, I beg to know; from whom, by name, you expect any addition to your fortune; What that addition may amount to? What relations you have? Whether any brothers or sisters, and if so, whether you are the elder? Be pleased, likewise, Sir, to inform me, whether you are heir to any landed property? And what may be the produce, on the average, arising from your profession? The last thing, I, at present, request to know, is, who those persons are to whom you promise, in your letter, to refer me for a testimony of your moral character?

Your conduct as a gentleman, and your good understanding, so far as I can judge, from the short duration of our acquaintance, appear to me unimpeachable; and I trust that your moral character, when scrutinized, will shine with superior lustre.

When

When I am satisfied concerning the above particulars, I shall state, most candidly, the result, to my daughter, and every other part of my family, as the duty of both parent and husband commands me. Anna will then judge for herself, and I trust, and pray that she may determine wisely.

Until I have the honor of hearing from you again, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

*Letter from a Young Lady to a Gentleman declining
his Addresses.*

Sir,

I am extremely sorry any part of my conduct, which was only meant to convey general politeness, and respect to the friends of my Father, should have been so misconstrued as to have afforded ground for the hopes expressed in yours, which I have just received. I am as much an enemy to those arts of delusion, which induce persons to risque some portion of their happiness by entertaining an ineffectual passion, as to that trifling disposition which delays information till the party is so confirmed in his error, that his cure is desperate; I haste, therefore, to thank you for the politeness of your letter, and to inform you that I feel no sentiment in my mind, which should induce you to persevere in a pursuit which can only end in disappointment and rejection.

I cannot omit to notice an insinuation in yours, respecting a supposed pre-engagement on my part; whether such a hint proceeds from vanity or misinformation it is equally injurious and indelicate. Two persons only have a right to interrogate me on such a subject: to you my only answer must be, that
taking

taking your supposition in the affirmative, you have no reason to hope to supplant the object of my predilection; or taking the negative, my mind is not so intirely vacant, that your idea is absolutely necessary to prevent total vapidty. Wishing you more success in another quarter,

I remain, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

From a Widow to a Young Gentleman, rejecting his Suit.

Sir,

Unfortunately for the impression intended to be made by your tender epistle, I was, at the moment it was brought me, reading Hudibras. I could quote from that poem many lines applicable to the subject of your letter, but as you can get the book in print, I will trouble you with no more than is absolutely necessary of my indifferent scrawl. The objections I have to make to the proposal contained in your letter are but few, but they demand some attention, and will, I believe, be rather difficult to obviate.

You are, by your own account, two and twenty, I am, by mine, six and forty; you are too young to know the duties of a father: I have a son who is seventeen, and consequently too old to learn the duties of a son from one so little senior to himself. Thus much with respect to age. As to the little fortune I possess, I consider myself merely trustee for my children, and will not, therefore, impose on you, by acceding to the common report, that I am rich. However, as you have borne a Lieutenant's commission these three years, as you tell me, you may, perhaps, have reserved out of the profits of that,

that, a sufficient sum to obviate every difficulty on that head.

I will press these subjects no farther, when you can convince me, that in point of age, fortune, and morals, you are such a person as I can, without reproach, take for a husband, and admit as guardian to my children, I shall cease to think, as I now candidly confess I do, that motives far from honorable or disinterested have influenced your application: till that happens, I must regret that an ill-timed effort of gallantry, on your part, deprives me of the pleasure of subscribing myself

Your sincere friend, and humble Servant.

From a Lady to a Gentleman, whose Addresses were favored by her Guardian, but whom she does not approve.

Sir,

Obliged as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and that your regard for me will be best shewn

shewn by desisting from a pursuit, which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

E. M.

OF the six following letters, the first five were written by Sir Richard Steele to his lady, previous to their union; the last, after they had been married a great number of years: they shew the style of a man who makes his addressee, as a man of honor and a christian; not as a romantic hero, or whining coxcomb; and prove the superior durability of a passion formed on principles of virtue and proper consideration.

Madam,

If my vigilance and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you: I say, madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its aching. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! How is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity; to grant it, would make more for your triumph; to give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance
of

of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition: as I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

Madam, I am

Your most devoted,

most obedient Servant.

Madam,

Before the light this morning dawned upon the earth, I waked, and lay in expectation of its return; not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection! This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind; your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed

as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

I am, dearest creature,
Your most obedient,
most devoted Servant.

Madam,

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business: as for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, what news from Holland? and I answered, she is exquisitely handsome: another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor? I replied, she designs to go with me. Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours.

Dear Creature,

Next to the influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than

returned.

returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

Madam, your most faithful,
most obedient humble Servant.

Madam,

I beg pardon that my paper is not finer; but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth is love: love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other.

I am, for ever,

Your faithful Servant.

Madam,

I heartily beg your pardon for my omission to write yesterday. It was no failure of my tender regard for you;

you; but having been very much perplexed in my thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it until I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in when you gave your hand and heart to,

Madam, your most grateful husband,
and obedient Servant.

THE quarrels of lovers are, to a proverb, easy of adjustment, and generally esteemed favourable to the passion, but too often repeated, they weaken the sentiments of affection, and give rise to those disagreeable recollections which make matrimonial life unhappy. The following letters were written by Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, during one of these temporary misunderstandings: Mr. Griffith was a gentleman at the Irish bar, Mrs. Griffith, besides her share in the collection of letters between Henry and Frances, wrote "an Essay on the Morality of Shakespeare;" some dramatic, and other pieces.

Sir,

You have behaved with great dishonor: you have shewed my letters to ———; and you could not have any temptation to this but what was disingenuous: for it was impossible for a person of illiberal education to form any sort of judgment upon them, except what must be to the disadvantage of my character.

Farewel for life.

Madam,

I approve of the resentment you have shewn ; and am so pleased with the propriety of your behaviour, upon so nice an occasion, that I readily forgive the hastiness of your censure, and shall do you the justice I owe to your merit, by vindicating myself to you from any baseness in the particular you hint at.

The person you mention has been an old friend of mine ; I have a good regard for him. He had been for some time engaged in a platonic amour, which, though there was nothing criminal in, I often advised him against, as the indiscretion of it might possibly become fatal. I found that the principal thing that attached him was the lady's letters, which he challenged all literature to produce any writings equal to. From a mere impulse of friendship, I read one or two of yours to him, which soon convinced our inamorato that his correspondent was not such a heroine, as he imagined, in sense, style, taste or sentiment.

I did not mention your name upon my honor : but, if you doubt that *asseveration*, let the vanity you seem to suspect bear testimony for me. Your writings must have hinted an higher rank in life for my fair incognita, than either your station, fortune, or education intitle you to. But his knowledge of your name was owing to an imprudence of your own, when he and I were lately in Dublin together.

Whatever improper use he has made of this discovery, he is answerable to me for, but I stand acquitted to you of any thing disingenuous or base. I came to town for no other purpose but to justify myself before you ; I attend your commands, and am, with true respect, and sincere regard,

Madam, &c.

Sir,

Sir, I am sorry for this adventure ———, perhaps, I ought not to be sorry for it. You hint very justly, that I have neither rank or fortune; I have, therefore, nothing but character to depend upon; and the surest method which my prudence inspires me with, to defend that best, that only treasure, is never to converse or correspond with you more.

If you have any spark of honor remaining, you will not refuse to exchange our letters; and as this is, probably, the last request I shall ever make to you, I shall be obliged if you'll send me your miniature picture, which I refused before. I mean it as a talisman, to guard my too sincere, and unsuspecting nature, against the arts and baseness of every other man. One look of that piece, like Medusa's head, will harden my heart to stone; for in love, contrary to religion, tis want of faith, that saves us.

May success attend you in every virtuous scheme of life. Amen!

Adieu!

Madam,

I shall obey your commands as soon as I return to the country. I remember the reason for your refusing to accept of my picture was, that you did not think it like. It will be, therefore, a very proper appendage to attend your letters, as I am convinced they were as little the transcript of your heart. True love would have stood a stronger trial than what you have been weakly tempted with. As there are some singular constitutions, that never catch the small-pox, there are also more extraordinary natures unsusceptible of love. This, however, being an imperfection in their frame, they feel themselves very often afflicted

with very awkward sensations; a vacancy in their hearts, an indetermination in their minds, and a certain tediousness of life; to relieve which, such *anomalous* persons are obliged to assume an amour, and by frequent feigning, come at last to deceive themselves: as a man who turns often round, will feel all the giddiness of one who is drunk: but both these cheats are immediately detected, if they shall venture to act or speak *rationaly* under such personated characters. I deny your allusion; religion is love, reciprocally; and a deficiency of faith cannot be orthodox. Fanny has imposed upon herself, but has now undeceived me.

I wish you security from knaves, and a man of merit success in your favour.

Farewell.

Belmont.

I HAVE brought your letters thus far, that I might flatter myself with the possession of them half a day longer; and that they may be the less time between your hands and mine, as I can intercept the stage this day at dinner.

I was several times tempted to break my word with you, for the first time I declare, lest the recollection, which these dear memorandums may give you, of your having once loved me so well, may provoke you now to hate me, even more than you do. I return them to you as the only equivalent I could ever make you for their value; and from a principle I have somewhere before mentioned, that I shall never desire any tie over the person I love but their own inclinations; and this is the reason, perhaps, that I never married yet, though never tempted to

to it but once in my life; and for their sake, more than my own, rejoice now that it never happened.

In return for your letters, you offered me mine, but I desired you to burn them, which I now revoke, leaving them entirely at your disposal; for the only reason I had for destroying them was, that they might never be ashamed in company with *your's*; but, as I desire you will keep *them* safe, mine may serve to explain or illustrate some passages; for, soils they need not.

I often refused you your letters, and should ever have continued obstinate in that point, while I had any hopes of pleasing you otherwise; but, in that despair, part madly with the only things which can please myself now.

In order to make this sacrifice the stronger, I read over all your letters before I parted with them; though this was a fond folly, as I am very sure I had every one of them by heart before. And now, my ever best beloved girl, accept these returned dear pledges, as a sacrifice fit for the Gods; religiously so, as I flatter myself, from former recollection, the heart joined in the address. Let them boast of inspiration, if heavenly spirits can taste of vanity; of this loan you have acquitted yourself back with interest; for the rays of inspiration, like sun-beams, give light in the direct line, but owe their heat to reflection.

I kept all your letters, as they were wrote by you; and restore them now, because I believe you repent your ever having wrote them.

“Lifeless charms, without the heart.”

I shall always remember, with love and gratitude, any kindness you ever showed me; I unfeignedly forgive the severe treatment I have lately met with

from you, and shall hereafter rest satisfied in whatever light you are pleased to regard me,
 As a Lover, Friend, Companion,
 Or most humble and obedient Servant.

THE following letter is written on one of the most embarrassing topics which can employ the pen of a lady; that of demanding categorically of a gentleman an explanation of his views and intentions, after a long courtship. It is the production of Mrs. Griffith.

The kind concern my dear Harry expressed in his last letter for my health, would, I think, render me unpardonable, if I did not feel as much pleasure in acquainting him with my recovery, as I flatter myself, he will receive from the account. I am indeed much better, thanks to my regard for you; for were I not persuaded that my life is of moment to your happiness, how earnestly should I wish to abandon it! The love of life, which is, I believe, implanted in the heart of every creature, renders death formidable to us while we are in perfect health; but when the animal spirits are weakened by pain, when we only live to misery, our sentiments are wholly changed, and we wish for death, as a relief from torment. Think then, if my every thought, hope, and wish were not centered in you, how earnestly should I have desired a deliverance from pain! But perhaps I deceive myself; perhaps, in contradiction to what I have said, the voice of nature, more powerful than even that of love, made me wish to live; perhaps my life is of no consequence to you: "I will, however, endeavour to banish the cruel reason, that would inform me; and preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life." As my first wish is
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to be beloved by you, my second is to be approved; let me then, my dear Harry, giving full force to your protestations, account for what you unjustly call caprice. I own I love you enough to be guilty of the very folly you charge me with, embittering the present happiness by the fear of losing it. But it is not from this motive that I have mentioned our parting. I know and feel that my affection and friendship for you increase daily; therefore cannot suspect that yours for me are lessened; but whenever I dare venture to ask myself what will be the end of our mutual attachment, I tremble at the reply my reason makes, and almost wish we hated one another. For the present, my regard for you renders every pleasure in life insipid to me, and every action indifferent that has not some relation to you; my whole time and thoughts are devoted to you; and business, or pleasure, are alike hateful to me. For this indifference of the objects that surround me, I think myself amply rewarded by the pleasure I receive from your letters; and wish for no other recompence for all my love and tenderness, but a continuation of yours. But tell me, my dearest Harry, what will all this end in? the little circle of my acquaintance speak of my attachment to you with seeming pity, from a belief that you have none to me. The world, in general, treat me in the severest manner on your account. Answer me now, my heart's dear Harry, with truth and justice, for reason prompts the question, and honor will not dally longer, Can you, indeed, lay your hand upon that dear breast where Fanny's heart inhabits, and tell me you have love, honor, and constancy enough to repay all her past, present, and future sufferings, by seriously intending, whenever it is in your power, to make her your wife? Consider well this point, for it is of the highest moment to us both; and on your answer entirely depends my continuing those pleasing

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ideas,

ideas, which have hitherto supported me through the various scenes of distress I have suffered for you; or, by a proper resolution, erasing them and you for ever from my heart. Let not a false delicacy for yourself, or an affected tenderness for me, prevent your speaking your sentiments with that frankness which, I think, I ever merited from you; and be assured, your speaking candidly, should it even acquaint me with the most unwelcome truths, will raise you higher in my esteem, than your attempting to amuse me with unmeaning expressions of regard. I do not indeed suspect, that you have hitherto said any thing to me which you did not think; but, as the matter in question is of the nicest nature, I would guard against every thing which could possibly aggravate the misfortune I am taught to apprehend.

Your reproaching me with want of tenderness I can readily forgive: for as my heart is armed so strong with truth, that it repels the darts, nor suffers it to wound your image, which is lodged in its inmost recesses; next, as my often mentioning our parting, without having courage to assign the cause, might well warrant your seeming suspicion of my affection; though I dare venture to affirm, you never yet injured me so far, as in reality to doubt it.

Let me now, my dear and best beloved Harry, conjure you by all the love and tenderness you ever vowed to me, to rest assured, that the words which I have wrote, on the melancholy subject of our parting, have been so many daggers to my heart; and that no light suspicion of your love, or idle caprice of my own, has occasioned my reducing you to an explanation, which I would part with a limb to avoid: for though I cannot, will not doubt your love, I tremble at the trial. No, my own heart bears witness to your truth; it is filled with you, and you alone: why then should I not, in contradiction

diction to the world, believe this faithful evidence?
Alas! I fear it is too much your friend!

Deliver me, I entreat you, my heart's dear Harry, from the painful situation I am in: raise me, at once, to a higher sense of happiness than I have yet known, or plunge me into such a state of misery, as can only be relieved by the sad cure of all our ills.

I thank you for your account of Belmont. You may indeed congratulate me on every circumstance which gives you pleasure; assured of this, that I receive a double joy by reflection: and were we this moment for ever separated, your happiness and interests would still continue far dearer to me than my own.

You have commanded me not to apologize for my writing; I obey: though conscious that, as all my letters are wrote from the heart, they have nothing to atone for their folly, but their sincerity; which will ever impel me, through every season, change, and chance of life, to subscribe myself

Your's, and only your's,

Frances.

MATRIMONY.

THIS is one of the most important occurrences in life, and one which demands the most serious deliberation previous to being entered on, and the most cautious demeanor afterwards. The necessity of saying much on this subject is superseded by the two following letters: the first is by Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in Ireland, who was born in 1667, and died in 1745; he was a wit and politician of the first eminence; his poetry is often disgraced by a coarseness of thought unworthy a gentleman,

and unfit for a modest audience, but, in general, he is a just and valuable, though severe, monitor; and the letter inserted here, though replete with just sentiments, is marked with that cynical contempt of the fair sex, which rendered an amiable woman, to whom he was privately married, completely miserable. The other is by Mrs. Thrale, and affords a striking specimen of her good sense, and justness of observation.

Dr. Swift to a young Lady on her Marriage.

Madam,

The hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex are subject. I have always borne an intire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband hath been, for some years past, my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not introduce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind, without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion and true friend through every stage of life. It must be there-

therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person, who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual, in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgusting to all who have good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it, the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast; reserve your kind looks and language for private
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hours,

hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you, to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad, start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let their master in; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if her husband happens to stay out, and receive him, at his return, with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be the more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for a return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather: upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to affirm, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a year in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of cleanliness and sweetness in their persons; for the satyrical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating comeliness and finery together? I shall only add,
upon

upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company; which however is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the stile of the world, will pass for good company; whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general rule with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions to come off with victory, upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand. In these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen
fools

fools are in all conscience as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year; for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will, which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or amusement agreeable; but a knot of ladies got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction; and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any the companions, because they will surely fix a coxcomb upon you; and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dressings; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will always be for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation and dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations, into misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the great affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education

and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste, it is true; and it is happy for you that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue! but neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment. And although he is not capable of using you ill; yet you will, in time, grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did and ever will put an end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has no being but in play-books and romances.

You must use, therefore, all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself; you must improve your mind by pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of; you must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading of them, and making extracts from them. If your memory be weak, you must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish.

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He will have regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other, without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands, for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, *that women are incapable of conversation*. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or play-house: and when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each other's lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas, as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut and colour of your dresses: as divines say, that some people take more pains to be damn'd, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures; but a sort of species, hardly a degree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for ought I know, would equally become them.

I would

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress should be one degree below what your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a fine petticoat can give you, because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences, out of your compass, you will get more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your parts. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own countries, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments; rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it, as any one may find, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure
to

to disconcert them. It is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you, therefore, to read aloud more or less every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit, by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider that after the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning, to the perfection of a *school-boy*. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified, because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex, and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time; whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of
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the court and town, paid their addressee, without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman; I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature, nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both; there is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of *cowardice*; yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a *spider*, an *earwig*, or a *frog*; at least if cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtue equally becomes both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness, which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy; for as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude choaking expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in
their

their company, happens to have a blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such *termagants* as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals, disguised in female habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not; for although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side, but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expence*, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat; without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct
by

by it, and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your *sex*, and a perpetual comfort to your *husband* and your *parents*. I am, with great truth and affection,

Madam,

Your most faithful Friend,
and humble Servant, &c.

Mrs. Thrale to a Gentleman on his Marriage.

My dear Sir,

I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us, that this is impossible, and experience informs us, that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and

it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sounds, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to

scorn

scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself, that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common, to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgcumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones, the orientalist, leads up the ball.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves, that she means to make herself amends by the attention

tion of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance, than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port-wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the counting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule
thrown

thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teize her: tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuse it. And now, farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

THE felicity of married life depends, in a great measure, on the keeping up of that affectionate tenderness which the parties felt before that event; in the last section I gave a specimen in a letter from Sir Richard Steele to his Lady; the following, from the Tatler is of his composition, and deserves to be esteemed for its tenderness, and true politeness.

Letter from a Gentleman to his Wife.

My dear Wife,

Before this short absence from you I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though, at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehensions lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit it is hardly a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance.

I am, &c.

*From Mrs. Rivers, near her Death, to her Husband
Colonel Rivers, in Spain.*

Before this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a comfort to you that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness

ness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end! This is a frailty which I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian Angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in, upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person, for whom you lament, offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again.

Farewell for ever.

If any thing can excuse the sinfulness and folly of a match made in direct opposition to the will of parents and friends, it is the constancy of affection displayed in the following, in reading which it is impossible not to regret that that virtue should have been unaccompanied with the very valuable one, discretion.

Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.

Master secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature,—this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did not well to be so hasty, or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part, I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him, and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him: and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his
grace's

grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have deserved it but smally, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, who ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us; and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again; wherefore it is the more charity to help. But if I were at my liberty and might chuse, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I had rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, show part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and

I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother to be good to us; I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could take with my life I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I; and so I pray you to report by me, and you shall find my writing true; and in all points which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey them nearest my husband, whom I am most bound to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good unto, who for my sake is a poor banished man, for an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same, as knoweth the God who sendeth you health and heart's ease. Scribbled with her ill hand, who is your poor humble suitor always to command.

Mary Stafford.

CONGRATULATION.

Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

The Lady to whom this letter was written, is celebrated in that exquisite Poem the Rape of the Lock.

You are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible, how great is

the

the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion; but I am really more a well wisher to your felicity, than a celebrator of your beauty.— Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean truth; and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed while he is living,

Your, &c.

Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ——— on the same Occasion.

THE amiable Poet who wrote this letter was born in 1714, died in 1763. He possessed every virtue but prudence; he was author of fundry elegant and pastoral Poems, of the greatest merit.

This was written August 21, 1748;
but not sent till the 28th.

Dear Sir,

How little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more insignificant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you give me of the person whom you have made choice of, to whom I desire you to pay my sincere and most affectionate compliments.

I shall always be glad to find you *presentibus æquum*, though I should always be pleased when I saw you *tentantem majora*. I think you should neglect no opportunity at this time of life to push your fortune so far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarrassed with those kind of sollicitudes towards the evening of your day;

“ Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,

“ Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes!”

I would have you acquire, if possible, what the world calls, with some propriety, an easy fortune; and what I interpret, such a fortune as allows of some inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in suspense about the laying out a shilling:—this kind of advice may seem extremely dogmatical in me; but, if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I say. I have lost my road to happiness, I confess; and instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-

parterre-garden of amusement; and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road too that leads the better way, and can shew it others; but I have many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*; I suppose, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*; though, if I had money, I should hardly confine myself to such decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the consequence is, that I long to have you see them.

I have not heard whether Miss ——'s match proceeded.—I suppose your objections were grounded on the person's age and temper; and that they had the less weight, as they supposed you acted indiscreetly yourself: I can say but little on the occasion. You know —— better than I do. Only this I must add, that I have so great an esteem for your sister, that it will be necessary to my ease, that whoever marries her she should be happy.

I have little hopes that I shall now see you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as soon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles,

"To see the poorest of the sons of men."

The truth is, my affairs are miserably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe, I shall be forced to seize on one next week for three years and a half's rent, due last Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averse, both through indolence and compassion. I hope, however, I shall be always able (as I am sure I shall

be desirous) to entertain a friend of a philosophical regimen, such as you and Mr. Whistler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is considerably improved since you were here; and they have built a castle by way of ruin on the highest part of it, which is just seen from my wood; but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me), I believe it may be rendered a considerable object here.

I purpose to write to Mr. Whistler either this post or the next. The fears you seemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr. ———, habitually and sincerely your,
&c.

My humble service to your neighbours.—Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publish a print of my grove in a small collection.

From a Gentleman to his Daughter on the Birth of a Child.

I sincerely congratulate you, my dear H. on account of the great blessing you have received from the good and great Creator of all things, in bringing you safe to your bed. I offered up prayers for your safety, and am thankful to God for lending a favorable ear to my imperfect petitions. I need not admonish you to remember your tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the mercy you have received, and the danger through which you have been safely conducted; that the same almighty power may make your child an honor and a blessing to you, and pour down unexpected blessings upon yourself, your husband, and your children, is the sincerest wish of

To a Young Lady on an accession of Fortune.

Madam,

You receive at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having what you only wanted, fortune; and to admonish you that you may not now want every thing else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty, but you never heard of them till to-day. They say fortune is blind; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, Madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloe, fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent.

Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on his Recovery from Illness.

THE very eminent, and justly celebrated Painter, and good man, to whom this letter was written, was one of the greatest ornaments of his age, and proportionately esteemed by the great men who were his contemporaries. He was born in 1723, died 1792.

Dear Sir,

I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live

long, for the honor of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, &c.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby, on the New Year.

Jan. 1, 1755.

Dearest Madam,

Though I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes, that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish indeed I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to,

Dearest, dearest Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

THE recommendation of persons who are esteemed worthy of the benevolence of others, to their kindness and attention, is one of the tasks most frequently imposed on persons of an actively beneficent turn, and one of the most difficult of execution which can possibly be imagined; it requires that the writer should assume an appearance of disinterestedness, without renouncing the humility of a party obliged; that he should convince the person to whom he ad-

dresses

dress himself, that his own interest will not be injured at least, by granting the favor required, and that the person for whom he is to exert himself, is, every way, worthy his kindness.

Letter from Sir Henry Sydney to Queen Elizabeth, recommending Mr. David Cleere to the Bishopric of Ossory.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the Bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your Highness conferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your Majesty, that good care were had, that that church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people, might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent Majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the University of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government, and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him) the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient finding for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to
your

your Majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your Majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your Majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your Majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your Majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserve your Highness to reign over us, your Majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your Majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September, 1576.

Your Majesty's

Most humble, faithful, and obedient Servant.

WHEN the unhappy woman to whom the following letter is addressed, was in the zenith of her favor with Louis XV. King of France, one D'Auberval, a Daneer, had been, by his imprudences, reduced to such distress, as to be unable to retain his situation at the Opera, Du Barry, whose influence over the whole Court was uncontrollable, raised a sum to discharge his debts, by a subscription, amongst the Nobility, the regulating the amount of each persons donation; this occurrence produced the following letter from M. le duc de Nivernois, which is a specimen of courtly elegance, and polite solicitation: the Duke succeeded in his mediation. Du Barry was guillotined at Paris in 1794.

Madam,

Madam,

I could not refuse you when you asked me for twenty-five louis d'ors as my proportion to the subscription you had opened for D'Auberval; I cannot, however, help telling you that I had laid by that small sum with intention to give it to a gentleman in distress, a disbanded officer, who has a family, and has been several years soliciting a small pension. As you deprived him of this small assistance, it is but right, Madam, that you should make him amends. I send his memorial enclosed, and I make no doubt but his case will excite your compassion, and that your humanity, of which you have given so many proofs, will engage you to exert yourself in his favor and procure him what he so much wishes.

I am, &c.

Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings, Esq.

Sir,

Being informed that by the departure of a ship, there is now an opportunity of writing to Bengal, I am unwilling to slip out of your memory by my own negligence, and therefore take the liberty of reminding you of my existence, by sending you a book which is not yet made public. I have lately visited a region less remote, and less illustrious than India, which afforded some occasions for speculation; what has occurred to me, I have put into the volume, of which I beg your acceptance.

Men in your station seldom have presents totally disinterested; my book is received, now let me make my request.

There is, Sir, somewhere within your government, a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father

father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to shew the young man what countenance is fit, whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now President of the College of Physicians, a man venerable for his knowledge, and more venerable for his virtue.

I wish you a long, prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity.

I am, Sir,

~~Yours most humble servant,~~

*Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings,
Esq. recommending Mr. Hoole's Translation of
Ariosto.*

Jan. 9, 1781.

Sir,

Amidst the importance and multiplicity of affairs, in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention, for a moment, to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known, and long esteemed, in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking, he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me, by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing, for a clerk of the India House to translate poets.—It is new for a Governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant.
Cardinal

*Cardinal Ganganelli, afterwards Pope Clement XIV.
to the Marquis Clerici, a Milanese.*

Allow me to inform you that Jaques Piovi is in the greatest misery. I do not acquaint you with his being one of the Pope's soldiers, for that would be a poor title of recommendation to an Austrian Officer; but I remind you of his having six children; that he has kept his bed these nine months; and lastly that he is your godson.

Generosity, which chiefly marks your character, and which only seeks opportunities of giving, has here an opportunity of being gratified. If you were one of those ordinary souls who never obliged but with reluctance, I should not think of importuning you. I do not love to extort benefits; I wish them to flow freely from their source, and to have their principle in magnanimity.

I think I see you smile at the different complection of this letter from those daily written to you by gentlemen of your own profession. The signature of *Frere Ganganelli* can have no other merit in your eyes, except that of shewing with what profound respect,

I have the honor to be, &c.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow to Dr. Johnson.

Sir,

I have this moment received your letter, dated the 19th, and returned from Bath. In the beginning of the summer I placed one in the Chartreux, without the sanction of a recommendation so distinct and so authoritative as yours of Macbean; and I am afraid, that according to the establishment of the house, the opportunity

opportunity of making the charity so good amends will not soon recur. But whenever a vacancy shall happen, if you will favor me with notice of it, I will try to recommend him to the place, even though it should not be my turn to nominate.

I am Sir, with great regard,

Your most faithful,

and obedient Servant,

Lord Thurlow.

IN Dr. Johnson's illness, a short time previous to his death, an application was made by Mr. Boswell to Lord Thurlow, to use his interest with his Majesty to obtain an increase of his pension, that he might be enabled to visit Lisbon, in consequence of which request his Lordship, wrote the first of the two next letters to Mr. Boswell, which ought to remain an eternal monument of his generosity, and affection for men of letters. The application to his Majesty was unsuccessful, and Lord Thurlow, with singular generosity, proposed to Dr. Johnson's friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Boswell, to accommodate him with the required sum by way of loan, though he meant it as a gift; this kindness produced the letter from Dr. Johnson to him, which is a model of elegant composition, and dignified gratitude.

Lord Thurlow to James Boswell, Esq.

Sir, I should have answered your letter immediately; if, (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will

I will adopt and press it, as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short upon the means of setting him out. would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c.

Thurlow.

Dr. Johnson to Lord Thurlow.

Sept. 1784.

My Lord,

After a long and not inattentive observation on mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me no less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligation? But it hath pleased God to restore me to such a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain, for if I should grow much better I should not be willing, and if much worse, I should not be able to migrate.

Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you was pleased to honor me with your patronage, I did not expect

expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your Lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mibi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

I am, my Lord, sir, to your most obliging
Your Lordship's most obliged,
Most grateful, and most humble Servant.

OF ASKING AND CONFERRING FAVORS.

IN the intercourse of life, necessity compels almost every individual, at some period, to apply for the advice, friendly interference, or pecuniary assistance of another, which it is much more agreeable both to the party asking and applied to, to solicit by letter, because to the former it spares the pain and confusion attendant on verbal requests, to the latter it affords time for deliberation, and permits him to arrange matters so as to facilitate compliance, or soften refusal.

The style of letters of request should be respectful yet firm; no hope of advantage should tempt the writer to the meanness of abject solicitation, or fulsome adulation; the favor asked should be properly appreciated, and a proper share of gratitude promised, but in affecting to rate a favor in expectancy too high, a person exposes himself to the approach of ingratitude; for when the attainment of the object desired, operates together with self-love, to depreciate it in the eyes of the person obliged, he is in great danger of running as far into the opposite extreme.

treme, and contemning the gift and the giver as much as he once over-valued them.

A letter in which a compliance is promised or granted, can hardly be ungraciously penned; but there is a method of writing such letters with so much delicacy and force, as to render the most valuable gifts, and advantageous concessions, more valuable and agreeable.

When the nature of a request, or the circumstances of the person to whom it is addressed preclude the possibility of compliance, the letter in which such refusal is stated, should be so expressed as to contain nothing of harshness, or by which the mortification naturally incurred can be aggravated, or a sense of injury added to that of disappointment.

THE two following letters are from the Spectator, the first is said to be from an eminent citizen who had failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition: the answer is written with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress.

Sir,

It is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know, for that reason, as well as kindness to me, you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction
between

between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favor which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store, and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant.

The Answer.

Dear Tom,

I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished, in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them, by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it, but I have so

great

great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

Your obliged humble Servant.

THE following letter, from an actress remarkable for her frailties and misfortunes, to Dr. Johnson, is expressed with great modesty and propriety.

Mrs. Bellamy to Dr. Johnson.

Sir,

The flattering remembrance of the partiality you honored me with, some years ago, as well as the humanity you are known to possess, has encouraged me to solicit your patronage at my benefit.

By a long Chancery suit, and a complicated train of unfortunate events, I am reduced to the greatest distress; which obliges me, once more, to request the indulgence of the public.

Give me leave to solicit the honor of your company, and to assure you, if you grant my request, the gratification I shall feel from being patronized by Dr. Johnson, will be infinitely superior to any advantage that may arise from the benefit, as I am, with the profoundest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

G. A. Bellamy.

Letter

Letter from Ignatius Sancho, a Negro of considerable Talents, who died in 1780, to the Reverend Mr. Sterne.

Reverend Sir,

It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people, whom the vulgar and illiberal call *negars*.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable uncle Toby!—I declare, I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope, have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse is this very affecting passage—“Consider how great a part of our species, in all ages, down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it.”—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear, in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner,

manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You, who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself,
 Reverend Sir, &c.

The Answer.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why her brethren, or your's, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? And how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying; and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage

pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote, into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me, I will not forget your letter.

Your's, &c.

Letter from Dr. Johnson to a Lady refusing a Request, with some Severity.

Madam,

I hope you will believe that my delay in answering your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destroy any hope that you had formed. Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged, must end in disappointment.—If it be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated, not by reason, but by desire, expectation

raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.

When you made your request to me you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, amongst all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop, nor why, among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should chuse your son. I know, Madam, how unwillingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; but surely, Madam, you must allow, that there is no reason why that should be done by me, which every other man may do with equal reason, and which, indeed, no man can do properly, without some very particular relation, both to the Archbishop and to you. If I could help you in this exigence by any proper means, it would give me pleasure; but this proposal is so very remote from all usual methods, that I cannot comply with it but at the risque of such answer and suspicions, as, I believe, you do not wish me to undergo.

I have seen your son this morning; he seems a pretty youth; and will, perhaps, find some better friend than I can procure him; but though he should at last miss the university, he may still be wise, useful, and happy.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

EVERY act of kindness demands a proportionate expression of gratitude; those of a more important nature can be dignified with all the graces of eloquence which sincerity can produce in a mind endowed with sensibility, and conscious of the extent of an obligation. Those of small consequence should, while embellishments of a higher nature are carefully avoided, possess those graces of diction which accommodate the acknowledgement to the favor, and, by an elegance of turn, convey an expression of pleasure as well as gratitude.

*Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, after the
Victory of Oudenarde.*

I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to shew it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you; nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either: no, I do assure you. If you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London; and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

Henry

Henry Cromwell to Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

May it please your Lordship,

When the declaration was framing, I did abhor to be so unreasonable as to seek any particular provision for myself in it. But when I saw myself secured with the multitude, and when his Majesty by his special letters and promises declared, that though I had indeed escaped in the crowd, yet that he had a particular mercy for me; and when I saw he could not be prevailed upon to unsettle others, who perhaps (abating my name) were greater offenders, I did then presume to insist upon that his mercy, nor could I believe (with some) that my so doing was dishonorable unto his Majesty. And your Lordship (being above making an interest by trampling upon the fallen, or by being bitter against things, that came to pass by God's secret providence) have most nobly and Christianly patronized me in it, even to success; and for this, in a few words, I give your Lordship my eternal thanks and prayers.

I might, perhaps, have better expressed these my sentiments some other way; yet I have presumed to do it thus by a letter, that there may remain a testimony of infamy upon me, if ever I abuse the admirable mercy I have found, either by future disloyalty to his Majesty, or ingratitude to your Lordship. And I wish your Lordship would add one favor more, which is to assure his most excellent Majesty, and his Royal Highness (how hard, or needless soever it be to believe me) that few can wish their royal persons, family, or interest, more prosperity and establishment, than doth,

May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient, most humble,

And most obliged Servant,

H. Cromwell.

April 9th, 1662.

P 3

Dr.

Dr. Johnson to Earl Bute.

THE occasion of this letter was the grant of a pension of 300*l.* a year from his Majesty to the writer, on account of his great learning and labors for the improvement of his country; a donation at once honorable to the august donor, the mediator, and the receiver.

My Lord,

When the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest; who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavour to give your Lordship the only recompence which generosity desires—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

*Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton, thanking him
for the Gift of a Professorship at Cambridge.*

My Lord,

Cambridge, July, 1768.

Your Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged,
And devoted Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Dear Sir,

It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and most humble Servant.

Dr. Secker to Dr. Watts, thanking him for a Book.

Sir,

Cuddesden, Sept. 14, 1743.

I heartily thank you for your obliging letter, and, had I known that you had printed a sermon on the subject *, I should not have failed to enrich my own from it. I hope the things I have said in favour of our charity schools are true. I hope the Christians of this nation in general are grown much milder towards each other, and I am sure we have great need to gain in this virtue, what we lose in others, and become a more united body, as we become a smaller, which I apprehend we do. But, fear not, little flock. May God direct and bless us all in our poor endeavours to serve him! May he give you every needful support under your long sickness, and restore you speedily to your former usefulness, if it be his holy will!

I am, with great esteem,
Sir, your, &c.

Dr. Edward Gibson to the same Person, of the like Occasion.

Good Sir,

Whitehall, March 7, 1732-3.

I thank you heartily for your late kind present †, but, as the course of my life has led me into studies of another kind, I am sensible I cannot profit so

* Dr. Watt's Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity-schools.

† Not improbably the Doctor's Treatise on Logic, or, the Right Use of Reason.

much

much by it, as others will do, whose thoughts have been more employed in that way. It is certainly a very laudable exercise of the mind, especially as you apply it throughout to the good of religion; and what you have published will, I doubt not, be of great use to the growing generation, by leading them into a just way of thinking and reasoning. One thing I wonder at, and that is, how a mind that thinks so closely, can at the same time frame itself to that easy and familiar way which appears in some of your other writings. I commend you and your labours to the divine care and direction, and remain, with great truth,

Sir, your, &c.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell, thanking her for a Present.

Madam,

Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats; and upon this consideration, I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness, I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you, that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You

must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as,

Dear Madam,

You most obliged

And most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle, thanking him for the Loan of a Horse.

My Lord,

That kindness which disposed your Grace to supply me with the horse which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honored by the Duchess, I will endeavour to shew how highly I value the favors which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

I HAVE inserted, at this part of my work, the correspondence which was occasioned by the sentence and condemnation of Dr. William Dodd; as it contains specimens of elegant and forcible solicitation, ardent gratitude, and affecting condolence. Dr. Dodd was a clergyman, of great talents; he attained to several ecclesiastical preferments, and a considerable share of popularity, but his expences were so disproportioned to his income, that he was driven to commit a forgery, for which he was executed at Tyburn, June 27th, 1777. His impending fate excited

excited a very general interest, and produced the following letters:

Dr. Dodd to the King (written by Dr. Johnson):

Sir,

May it not offend your Majesty, that the most miserable of men applies himself to your clemency, as his last hope, and his last refuge; that your mercy is most earnestly and humbly implored by a clergyman, whom your laws and judges have condemned to the horror and ignominy of a public execution.

I confess the crime, and own the enormity of its consequences, and the danger of its example. Nor have I the confidence to petition for impunity; but humbly hope, that public security may be established, without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied with irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.

My life, Sir, has not been useless to mankind: I have benefitted many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have but little time for repentance. Preserve me, Sir, by your prerogative of mercy, from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal before which kings and subjects must stand at last together. Permit me to hide my guilt in some obscure corner of a foreign country, where, if I can ever attain confidence to hope that my prayers will be heard, they shall be poured with all the fervor of gratitude for the life and happiness of your Majesty.

I am, Sir,

Your Majesty's, &c.

Dr. Johnson to the Right Honorable Charles Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkesbury.

Sir,

Since the conviction and condemnation of Dr. Dodd, I have had, by the intervention of a friend, some intercourse with him, and I am sure I shall lose nothing in your opinion by tenderness and commiseration. Whatever be the crime, it is not easy to have any knowledge of the delinquent, without a wish that his life may be spared; at least when no life has been taken away by him. I will, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting some reasons for which I wish this unhappy being to escape the utmost rigor of his sentence.

He is, so far as I can recollect, the first clergyman of our church who has suffered public execution, for immorality; and I know not whether it would not be more for the interest of religion, to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who, for any reason, are enemies to the clergy.

The supreme power has, in all ages, paid some attention to the voice of the people; and that voice does not least deserve to be heard when it calls out for mercy. There is now a very general desire that Dodd's life should be spared. More is not wished; and, perhaps, this is not too much to be granted.

If you, Sir, have any opportunity of enforcing these reasons, you may, perhaps, think them worthy of consideration: but, whatever you determine, I most respectfully intreat that you will be pleased to pardon for this intrusion,

Sir,

Your most obedient,
And most humble Servant,

Dr.

Dr. Dodd to Dr. Johnson.

June 25th, Midnight.

Accept, thou *great* and *good* heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts in my behalf. O! Dr. Johnson, as I fought your knowledge at an early hour in life, would to heaven I had cultivated the love and acquaintance of so excellent a man! I pray God most sincerely to bless you with the highest transports—the infelt satisfaction of *humane* and benevolent exertions! And admitted, as I trust I shall be, to the realms of bliss before you, I shall hail *your* arrival there with transports, and rejoice to acknowledge that you were my comforter, my advocate, and my *friend*! God be ever with you!

Dr. Johnson to Dr. Dodd, the Evening previous to his Execution.

Dear Sir,

That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude: it corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life: it involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent: and may GOD, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son, JESUS CHRIST, our Lord.

In

In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate Servant.

LETTERS OF POLITENESS.

THIS section is devoted to such letters as would not fall into any other part of the arrangement of the work; for though specimens of polite correspondence may be seen under many other heads, and the forms of invitation, &c. are, in general, trite and easy, yet there are some instances where the felicity of expression is peculiarly adapted to sentiments of esteem, without the formality of profession, or the display of gratitude.

Letter from Robert, Earl of Leicester, to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland.

My Lord,

Of the few persons that I consider in this world, your Lordship hath my greatest estimation. And of the fewer things that I value in this life, your favor is placed by me in the most high degree: I am very tender of both, and do passionately desire the conservation of the one for the good of many, and the continuation of the other for my own particular great contentment.

Your Lordship, I hope, will therefore pardon this trouble, which is caused only by my impatience to inquire and to hear of your health; and to receive
from

from you, if you please, some testimony of my remaining in your remembrance and favour, which in the time of my seeming prosperity, and of my being best pleased with the world, was held by me equal to any other contentment: and now, at the end of my sad and solitary life, shall be equal to any other conclusion that can be given to your Lordship's, &c.

Penshurst, 26th September, 1659.

From Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, to General Churchill.

Dear Charles,

I have now wrote to Capt. J—kf—on, to give Lord Ty——ley a ticket, as you desired, and am very glad to oblige him with it.

This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to you fine gentlemen. Persons of wit and pleasure about town, understand not the language, nor taste the charms, of the inanimate world. The oaks, the beeches, and chesnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I, in return, with sincerity admire them, and have about me as many beauties as take up all my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me since sixty-seven*. Within doors we come a little to real life, and admire the almost speaking canvas†; all the airs and

* The year of his age, when he resigned, Feb. 9, 1742.

† We are told by a good judge, that there are not a great many collections of pictures left in Italy, more worth seeing than were those at Houghton-Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Lord Orford. In the preservation of the pictures it excelled most of them. The pictures that hung in the house in
Downing-

and graces which the proudest of the ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish and all I want, and expect nothing in return, which I cannot give.

If these, dear Charles, are any temptations, I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the scene, has sometimes its recommendations; and from country fare, you may possibly return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainments of a court life.

Since I wrote what is above, we have been surprised with the good news* from abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it; for it is truly matter of infinite joy, because of infinite consequence.

I am, dear Charles,

Your's affectionately.

From the Earl of Shaftesbury to Lord Godolphin.

My Lord,

Reygate, May 27, 1711.

Being about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your Lordship, to whom alone, had I but strength enough

Downing-street, were removed thither. That house belonged to the Crown: King George I. gave it to Baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian Minister, for life. On his death, the late King offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, but he would only accept it for his office, of First Lord of the Treasury, to which post he got it annexed for ever. *Ædes Walpoleanæ*, p. ix. 76.

* The battle of Dettingen, the news of which was received at London on the 23d of June, 1743.

to make my compliments, and pay a days attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my Lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one, except your Lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted hence, or while I passed through France, or staid in Italy, I could any where, in the least trifle, or in the highest concern, render any manner of service to your Lordship, I should be proud of such a commission. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from such a hand as mine) your public as well as private merit will not pass unre-membered into whatever region or climate I am transferred. No one has a more thorough knowledge in that kind than myself, nor no one there is, who on this account has a juster right to profess himself, as I shall ever do, with highest obligation, and most constant zeal, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and most obedient humble servant.

Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F——.

Dear Madam,

Coxwold, Friday.

I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me—I got down last summer, very much worn out—and much worse at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very stout—and in a fortnight's time, shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. I have the
pleasure

pleasure to acquaint you, that my wife and daughter are arrived from France. I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear Madam—Believe me your's sincerely.

The Countess Dubarry to the Dauphiness, afterwards Queen Marie Antoinette.

THE occasion of the following letter was this: the Countess had in some degree piqued the Dauphiness, who revenged herself with that agreeable levity which was her characteristic, by getting from a jeweller a diamond ornament, which the Countess had bespoke for herself; she can hardly be supposed to have been pleased at this trick, but had the address to avert the consequences probable to arise from her expressing herself chagrined, by a polite letter.

Madam,

I am sorry to be informed that endeavours have been used to hurt me in your good opinion, by representing me as out of humour on account of the diamond poke, which, since you keep it, is, I presume, to your liking. So far from expressing any resentment on that account, I was very sorry that I could not discover you had a fancy for that trifle. I should have been as happy to have anticipated your wishes upon such an occasion, as I shall always be to shew you how desirous I am to be honored with your esteem.

I am,

With the most profound respect, &c.

PRAISE:

PRAISE.

THERE is a great delicacy to be observed both in bestowing and receiving praise; it ought to be so given as to obviate every idea of lukewarmness and fulsome-ness, and received with genuine modesty, such as may repel every suspicion of vanity, or self-sufficiency. There is often as much of each of these qualities displayed in an obstinate resistance of, as an eager solicitude after complimentary eulogies. The medium is difficult to attain, but truly valuable and honorable.

Mr. Pope to Lord Oxford.

My Lord,

Oct. 21, 1727.

Your Lordship may be surpris'd at the liberty I take in writing to you: though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserv'd it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisf-

satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you), but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always,

My Lord, your, &c.

The Answer.

Sir,

Brampton Castle, Nov. 6. 1731.

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed? my mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the
verses,

verfes, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith

I am your, &c.

The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Watts.

Marlborough, July 13, 1737.

Sir,

Nothing but my own very bad state of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, should so long have hindered me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers inclosed with it, particularly the letter which you were so good as to design to prefix to Mrs. Rowe's Meditations. I can with the strictest truth affirm, that I do not know any distinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleasure in receiving, were I deserving of it; but, as I am forced to see how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myself by that very incident which might administer a laudable pride to a more worthy person. If I am constrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth, you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than self-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debase me, or those who they believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done
any

any thing, wilfully I am sure I have not, to raise any such sentiments in the breast of the meanest person upon earth, but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been happy enough to escape them. For these reasons, Sir, I must deny myself the pleasure and the pride I should have in so public a mark of your friendship and candour, and beg that, if you will design me the honour of joining any address to me with those valuable remains of Mrs. Rowe, that you will either retrench the favourable expressions you intended to insert, or else give me no other title at the top of it than that of a friend of your's and her's, an appellation which, in the sincerity of my soul, I am prouder of, than I could be of the most pompous name that human grandeur can lay claim to. My Lord and children desire me to assure you of their service and best wishes. I inclose you a copy of the letter which Mrs. Rowe left for me, and am glad of every opportunity to repeat that I am, with the greatest esteem,

Sir, your, &c.

The same to Mr. Shenstone.

Piercy-Lodge, near Colnebrook,
Nov. 20, 1753.

Sir,

If Lady Luxborough has not been so just as to let you know, that she never conveyed your two excellent poems to my hand till last Saturday night, you must look upon me as the most ungrateful and tasteless of all mortals. I have read them both over more than once with pleasure: but will it not appear strange, if I confess to you, that the honor you have done me by the inscription of the first, and a stanza or two in the poem itself, has given me some pain?

And

And I shall look upon it as a very great addition to the favor, if, whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodness to fill the blank (which leaving out those words must occasion) with stars, dashes, or any other mark you please, without suspecting me of an affected or false modesty, since to either of these accusations I can honestly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a partial friend, whose good nature may have (and in this case certainly has) warped her judgment. The world in general, since they can find no fault in your poem, will blame the choice of the person to whom it is inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons betwixt the ideal Lady and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which, though it may flatter me I am not quite so faulty as the latter would represent me, at the same time loudly admonishes me, that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me.

I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most serious sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honor you designed me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verses of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Doddsley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson. If you should have mislaid the original, I have a copy at your service, which I will transmit either to you, in case you should have a mind to look it over again, or transmit it directly to Mr. Doddsley.

I am, with unfeigned esteem and gratitude,

Sir, your most obliged, &c.

Mr.

Mr. John Dennis to Mr. Wycherley.

It was the misfortune, and, perhaps, in some degree, the fault of the writer of this letter to fall under the lash of Mr. Pope's satire, in consequence of which, his name has been loaded with unmerited ignominy: he was a writer of great spirit, and a critic of great discernment, but, occasionally too severe, and coarse in his expressions, which made Dryden compare his raillery to *horse play*; he was born in 1657, died 1733. Mr. Wycherley was a great wit, but his Plays are marked with the licentiousness of King Charles the Second's reign. He was born 1640, died 1715.

Sir,

While I venture to write these lines to you, I take it to be my interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always shall, viz. as Mr. Wycherley as the greatest comic wit that ever England bred, as a man sent purposely into the world to charm the ears of the wittiest men, and to ravish the hearts of the most beautiful women: no, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble hermit at Cleve; humble even in the full possession of all those extraordinary qualities, the knowledge of which has made me proud. I must confess, that I have no great opinion of that which men generally call humility. Humility in most men is want of heat; 'tis phlegm, 'tis impotence, 'tis a wretched necessity, of which they who lie under it, vainly endeavour to make a virtue. But in a man of Mr. Wycherley's make, 'tis choice, 'tis force of mind, 'tis good, 'tis a generous condescension. And what force of mind is there not requisite to bend back
a soul

a soul by perpetual reflection, which would be always rising, and eternally aspiring by virtue of its in-born fire; yet yours, notwithstanding all its power, cannot wholly depress itself, nor descend in every part of it. At the time that your will vouchsafes to stoop, your understanding soars; your writings are as bold as your conversation is modest (though those are bold, as this is modest with judgment) and he who would do you justice, must needs confess, that you are a very ambitious writer, though a very humble man. Yet your very ambition has obliged mankind: it has exalted human nature, in raising your own by its most noble efforts; and that without boasting pre-eminence. And surely it must be for this very reason, that we feel a secret pride, when we but read the discoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot say what you are, without vanity, for never was man exempt from it; but I can say, that you have made use even of vanity to humble you by way of reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous effect of it, vain-glory, the rock upon which several great wits before you have been seen to split. For you have always wisely considered, that vain-glory in the vulgar may be supportable, nay, may be diverting; but that in great men it must be intolerable. That whereas in the first, 'tis want of discernment, 'tis folly, 'tis the extravagance and blindness of self-love; in the last, 'tis crime, 'tis malice, 'tis a secret and proud design to mortify and insult over the rest of men, over whom they have so much advantage: that it is for this very reason, that we so deeply resent, and so severely revenge the mortal affronts we receive from it. Great wits were by Heaven predestined to rule, to rule the minds of others, the noblest empire; but when they grow outwardly vain, they grow tyrants, and then their discontented subjects rebel, and then they depose those kings as usurpers, whom before they obeyed as their lawful monarchs. But a moderate, a good, and a gracious prince, like you,

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commands their hearts, as well as their understandings, and under one whom they love so well, they grow as proud as they are pleased to obey. Our violent inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the interest even of our pride, that you should long continue in the place which your extraordinary desert has attained. Did we nothing but esteem you as much as we do, we should certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for bare esteem is always forced upon us, whereas inclination is much more voluntary: besides, as a judicious Frenchman observes, esteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore received with grumbling; but inclination is our own, and born in our breasts, and is therefore caressed and cherished. I might add, that upon this account it is hard to wish well to those whom we very much esteem, if they have not likewise the skill to make themselves be beloved; because barely to esteem, depresses the spirits, as much as to love very much exalts them; it brings the soul to a languid temper, and gives it at once too horrid views of another's excellencies, and of its own infirmities; but affection gives it agitation and warmth; and in the view of a friend's desert, it takes too much pleasure and too much pride to consider its own defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteemed at this high rate, you owe to your wit and your penetration; but that you are esteemed without envy, that you are with joy and gladness esteemed, you owe to this, that while the force of your fancy and judgment makes all the world admire you, you remain yourself unmoved by it; that while your excellence fills all mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus, while by the merit of your extraordinary qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears, that you have beyond all this a greatness of soul, from whence you look down on your own merit: an infallible sign, that the talents which

which we admire in you, are no illusions but real things, things that were born with you, and have been improved by you, and which you have not acquired: for men are found to be vainer, upon the account of those qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and hereditary greatness gives men leave to be humble, whereas preferment occasions pride. None but such real greatness as yours, can capacitate a man to be truly humble; for the soul, which by nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining subject, a subject which is so conspicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious letter, as one of those various persecutions which every eminent virtue provokes; I desire you to consider that I have so many obligations to this very humility, that I looked upon myself, as obliged by gratitude, to say as much as I have done. For to that I owe the happiness which I have frequently received in your conversation, to that I owe the present satisfaction, which your permission to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted for the hopes of your answers: when I have received them I shall then believe what you were pleased to tell me when I saw you last, that you are much more humble in the clear air on your mountain at Cleve, than when you are in a fog and sulphurous smoke in Bow-street. But, at the same time, the satisfaction of thinking, that distance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at present,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

John Dennis.

The Answer.

Dear Sir,

You have found a way to make me satisfied with my absence from London; nay what is more with the distance which is now betwixt you and me. That, indeed, uses to lessen friendship, but gives me the greater mark of yours, by your kind letter, which I had missed if I had been nearer to you: so that I, who receive no rents here, yet must own, if I did, I could not receive greater satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Patent; for I value your friendship more than money, and am prouder of your approbation, than I should be of titles: for the having a good opinion of one who knows mankind so well, argues some merit in me, upon which every man ought to consider himself more than upon the goods of fortune. I had rather be thought your friend in proof of my judgment and good sense, than a friend to the mules; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis since I have known I have had the honor to please you; though your praise rather humbles than makes me (though a damned poet) more vain: for it is so great, that it rather seems the raillery of a witty man, than the sincerity of a friend; and rather proves the copiousness of your own invention, than justifies the fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the character of the plain-dealer with you; and seem, like vain women or vainer men, to refuse praise, but to get more; and so by returning your compliments, shew myself grateful out of interest, as knaves are punctual in some payments, but to augment their credit. And for your praise of my humility (the only mark of my knowledge, since it

is

is a mark of my knowing myself) you have praised that to its destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none; like those admirers, who praise a young maid's modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my humility that you owe my friendship, but to my ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteemed by you, and the world, your friend, and to be known to all mankind for,

Dear Sir, your humble Servant,

W. Wycherley.

THE increasing infirmities of the venerable and esteemed Earl of Mansfield, having obliged him to resign the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, which he had held upwards of thirty years, with the general approbation of the country; the gentlemen at the Bar deputed the Honorable Thomas Erskine to transmit to him the following letter.

My Lord,

It was our wish to have waited personally upon your Lordship in a body, to have taken our public leave of you on your retiring from the office of Chief Justice of England; but judging of your Lordships feelings upon such an occasion by our own, and considering besides, that our numbers might be inconvenient, we desire, in this manner, affectionately to assure your Lordship, that we regret, with a just sensibility the loss of a magistrate, whose conspicuous and exalted talents conferred dignity upon the profession; whose enlightened and regular administration of justice made its duties less difficult

and laborious, and whose manners rendered them pleasant and respectable.

But while we lament our loss, we remember, with peculiar satisfaction, that your Lordship is not cut off from us by the sudden stroke of painful distemper, or the more distressing ebb of those extraordinary faculties which have so long distinguished you amongst men; but that it has pleased God to allow to the evening of an useful and illustrious life, the purest enjoyments which nature has ever allotted to it—the unclouded reflections of a superior and unfading mind over its varied events, and the happy consciousness that it has been faithfully and eminently devoted to the highest duties of human society, in the most distinguished nation upon earth.

May the season of this high satisfaction bear its proportion to the lengthened days of your activity and strength.

HIS Lordship, without detaining the bearer, Mr. Erskine's servant, five minutes, returned the following polite and animated answer.

The Hon. T. Erskine, Serjeants-Inn.

Dear Sir,

I cannot but be extremely flattered by the letter which I this moment have the honor to receive.

If I have given satisfaction, it is owing to the learning and candor of the bar; the liberality and integrity of their practice freed the judicial investigation of truth and justice from many difficulties. The memory of the assistance I have received from them, and the deep impression which the extraordinary mark they have now given me of their approbation

bation and affection has made upon my mind, will be a source of perpetual consolation in my decline of life, under the pressure of bodily infirmities, which made it my duty to retire.

I am, dear Sir, with gratitude to you, and the other Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate,
and obliged humble Servant,
Mansfield.

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